

# REAL ADVENTURE

JANUARY • 38¢

**MAMA GENNA'S SIX-SON  
CRIMINAL EMPIRE**

(THEY ROSE FROM GUTTERS TO LEAD AMERICA'S HOODS)

A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

**TRUE BOOKLENGTH**

**BLONDE DOLLY: GIVEAWAY HARLOT OF AMSTERDAM**

(THIS YEAR'S MOST EXPLOSIVE EVER-READ JOURNAL)



**WILD YANK McCUMLEY'S  
WONDERFUL URUBU HAREM**

(5 MONTHS IN A VENEZUELAN GIRL PARADISE)



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# REAL ADVENTURE

A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

## TRUE BOOKLENGTH

**BLONDE DOLLY: GIVEAWAY HARLOT OF AMSTERDAM** . . . . James Collier 11

*Her thirsty body destroyed VIP's over half the continent of Europe.*

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**GIRL GAMBITS** One Manhattan madam swears girl midgets make best lovers—for-pay, but run out of gas too fast . . . Dames who pick hammers to kill husbands are sure-fire to win insanity pleas . . . Mississippians claim mud packs from the big river are why their dolls copped two Miss America titles in a row . . . Muddled cider (hot, with rum) is top stage-setter for love scenes in bachelor pads—leaves the ladies gasping . . . Nobody can figure out why Las Vegas nude shows drive otherwise flesh-loving customers into the streets . . . Jerry Giesler, famed mouthpiece, stopped one piece of jailbait from robbing Errol Flynn blind by proving she frolicked with corpses . . . Some psychologists urge frigid women to buy motorcycles, take rides before bedtime . . . Observers in Cuba claim real dictator is Castro's secret sweetie, a part-time lesbian . . . Recent survey showed 4 out of 7 men get most mad at wives for making them handle monthly bills . . . Reason lots of women go fishing with husbands is to make up for not being good at sex (they think) . . . Crazy story still persists that a dame in disguise is playing in the National Professional Football League (not a thing to it) . . . Beatnik girls, bored with the bit, are dropping black stockings and tatters, going around all day and night in formal evening gowns . . . A half-dozen payola girls thrown out of work by DJ scandals pooled their mad money and bought a record mart . . . (continued on page 42)





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# IT HAPPENED TO ME...

Filed reports from readers on the  
peak moments of their lives...

WHO: Ted Brown, student

WHEN: March 7, 1957

WHERE: Route 90, Louisiana

WHAT: I cut off a truckdriver's leg.

**ALL ABOUT IT:** I was 17, driving a co-ed home to take Charles from the Mardi Gras in New Orleans in my first car—a Nash convertible. Most of the three-hour trip was uneventful, but at about 2 A.M.—on a stretch of unlit black-top between Keith and Kaplan—I suddenly saw flames shooting up from an overturned half-ton truck, maybe a quarter-mile ahead. I got there, slammed on the brakes and, even before I hopped out, heard the driver's moans.

His leg was pinned beneath his cab, to about five inches above the knee. He'd swerved into a ditch and the truck—loaded with barrels of naphtha—had spilled over on him.

He was screaming when I reached him. "My leg! Get my leg out!" I had to pull my jacket over my face to keep from choking on the smoke pouring out of the van. He was on his stomach. The leg was clamped tight. It wouldn't be long before flames swept forward and burned him to a crisp.

I yelled to my date, who was standing next to my car white-faced and frozen, "For God's sake, run for help!" There was a tenuous farmhouse a half-mile off across a cornfield. She whimpered and ran, stumbled in some stalks, got up—and I know she'd never make it in time.

There was nothing I could do but keep pulling at the driver's shoulders while the flames ate at the van's wooden ruff. "It isn't going to do any good," he kept moaning. "You've got to cut it off." I let him go and beat at the flames with my jacket. The jacket caught fire, I turned and started to run away. The driver screamed after me, "Cut the goddam thing off, kid, cut it off!" And I suddenly knew what I had to do.

I ran to my car trunk, got out a fish-gutting knife and ran back, picking up a stick of wood on the way. I said, "Here, bite on this," and put the wood in his mouth. Then I got on my knees, held his thigh and thigh, the knife sunk into the flesh; blood gushed from the fissure. The driver screamed but I kept going—through fat, muscle, cartilages. The knife-edge was serrated and I frantically began to saw through bone. The driver gasped and passed out. I was hardly aware of the flames tongues at my neck. I slithered downward, to make a flap for closure, and cut through the last wall of skin. I'd just halted the driver free when the fire reached the spot where his body had lain.

My date came back, alone, just after I'd closed up the flap and bound the thigh with fishing line. I had to stop her face to get her out of shock so that we could lift the unconscious man into my car. I drove to Kaplan and to a doctor, who sutured the incision I'd made. The doctor was amazed. "You did a wonderful job, son," he told me. "Where did you learn to perform an amputation?"

"Nowhere," I muttered.

And even though I remember everything I did that night, I don't think I could do it again.



WHO: Larry Marston, GI

WHEN: September, 1944

WHERE: Bizerta, Tunisia

WHAT: I shot 200 dogs and ended a plague.

**ALL ABOUT IT:** I was driving pickets into the ground around my post in the (liberated) city in the world. Sam Hanson and I were working together in the 55-degree heat, when all of a sudden, Sam slumped to the ground. He just lay there, prostrate.

"Sam, what's a matter?" He just groaned.

Pls Jim O'Connor rushed over and looked at Sam lying on the ground. "He's got it," Jim said. "Get what?" I shouted. "What the hell's going on?" "The illness that's spreading around Bizerta," Jim answered. "Look at him." And sure enough, I noticed that Sam's arm pits were swelling.

We picked him up and hauled him to sick bay. By the time we got there, Sam was running a 103-degree temperature; his arm pits and groin were swelled enormously by buboes of the glands. The doctor put a curtain around his bed and 15 minutes later the entire company was called out. The plague! A type of bubonic plague was hitting Bizerta.

They had used DDT to destroy the disease-carrying fleas and streptomycin was being administered to the afflicted patients. Still the disease kept spreading. It was decided that the dogs around the city were communicating the rod-shaped bacteria called "Pasteurella pestis." The mongrels had to be exterminated and I volunteered for the job.

For the next two days, I prowled through Bizerta, shooting every dog on sight. At one point, I was poking around an alleyway looking for dogs when I noticed a slight stirring in a rubble pile. I kicked at the rubbish when suddenly my ankle couldn't move. It was locked—in the dripping jaws of a dirty gray leaping mongrel. The dog growled and glared at me. I aimed my rifle and shot him between the eyes. White powder exploded on its face. It keeled over on its side but its damn teeth wouldn't unlock my ankle. And I was afraid to touch it, remembering Sam's swollen groin. So I took my rifle and battered its head in until my ankle came loose. Then, with rubber gloves, I removed my shoe and threw away the sock. With a can of DDT I carried, I sprayed the ankle and went off for more mongrels.

I started out fully clothed, but by the time I was through with my mission, I had stripped off half my clothes because they came into contact with the diseased dogs. One of them sprang at me while I was searching along the canal. He clawed at my shirt and I had to club him off with my rifle-butt before shooting him. Then the shirt, too, had to go.

For two whole days I wandered in and out of alleyways, through the filth and rubble along the canal, in every nook and crevice, until I had destroyed about 300 of the mongrels. The mop-up squad following me cleaned up their entrails. And sure enough, after the dogs were eliminated, the plague came to an end.

Sam recovered, as did most of the afflicted people. And miraculously, I who had come into closest contact with the plague-carrier, never came down with the buboes.



We'll pay \$25 for your "peak moment" if usable after editing. Send a 250-word account of it, with snapshot, to It Happened to Me, REAL ADVENTURE, 535 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y. Each adventure should be verified by one witness. Mail and photos cannot be returned.







A man carrying a grandfather clock down the street to a repair shop bumped into a little old lady whom he couldn't see since the clock obstructed his view. The little old lady fell down. As she collected her packages and began struggling to her feet she muttered to the man: "Why the hell can't you wear a wrist-watch like everyone else!"

...

A wealthy woman equipped from head to foot with sparkling jewels and dragging an ermine wrap behind her stepped out of her chauffeur-driven Cadillac in front of the plush hotel. She proceeded to instruct the bellhops:

"You—take that suitcase. And you—please carry that one, and will you please carry my jewel case in? And you, young man, will find my son in the back seat—will you please carry him into the hotel?"

The bellhop looked into the back seat of the car and to his amazement saw a strapping young man of about 30 years of age.

"But Madam, your son looks like he is perfectly capable of walking into the hotel by himself!"

"Of course," responded the wealthy woman, "but thank heavens he doesn't have to."

...

When Tommy returned home after the birthday party his mother asked him if he had thanked Mrs. Brown.

"No," said Tommy.

"Why not?" his mother asked, puzzled. "I told you to say thank you when you left."

"But," said Tommy, "Mary Ellen said thank you to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Brown said 'don't mention it,' so I didn't."

The CPO at the radio shack received a message that a crew member's mother had passed away. So he picked up the P.A. mike and bellowed, "Jones. Your old lady just dropped dead."

When the skipper heard how callously Jones had been treated, he called the chief to task: "In the future," he ordered, "you will be more tactful in your manner of relating unfortunate news. Dismissed!"

A week later, the same CPO was notified that Frank O'Leary's mother had also passed away. So—tactfully—he summoned the entire crew topside. As they stood at attention, he said, "All those who have mothers take one step forward. Not so fast, O'Leary!"

...

"I have Indian blood in me," said the girl.

"What tribe?" asked her friend.

"No tribe. Just a wandering Indian."

Then there was the Indian who walked into a New York restaurant replete with full regalia—feathers, war paint, tomahawk, etc. The maitre d' started to say, "Sir, do you have a reserva . . . oh, never mind, I'll get you a table."

...

A businessman lost every cent he had in the world. Since he was too old to look for a job, he said to his wife, "Betty, you're going to have to support us."

But Betty had no training and didn't know what to do.

"Do whatever you can," her husband shrugged.

So Betty went out the next day and for eight hours did the only thing she felt capable of doing. When she returned, she emptied her purse and showed her husband how much she had earned: \$100.25.

"Twenty-five cents!" her husband exclaimed. "Who gave you twenty-five cents?"

"Oh, they all did," replied Betty.

...

The mild little shoe clerk came home earlier than usual one day and found his wife in bed with a salesman. So he picked up the salesman's umbrella, brought it down sharply on the edge of a table and kept whacking away until it broke into several small pieces.

"There!" he shouted triumphantly. "Now I hope to hell it rains."



"Well, if I can't talk you out of shooting me, how about coming back in ten minutes, so I'll at least not have died for nothing."

Heard a good one Irish? Pass it along to Spice Box Editor, Real Adventure Magazine, 535 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y. For each joke used we'll pay \$10. Sorry, no returns of jokes are possible.

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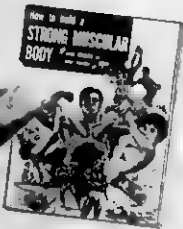
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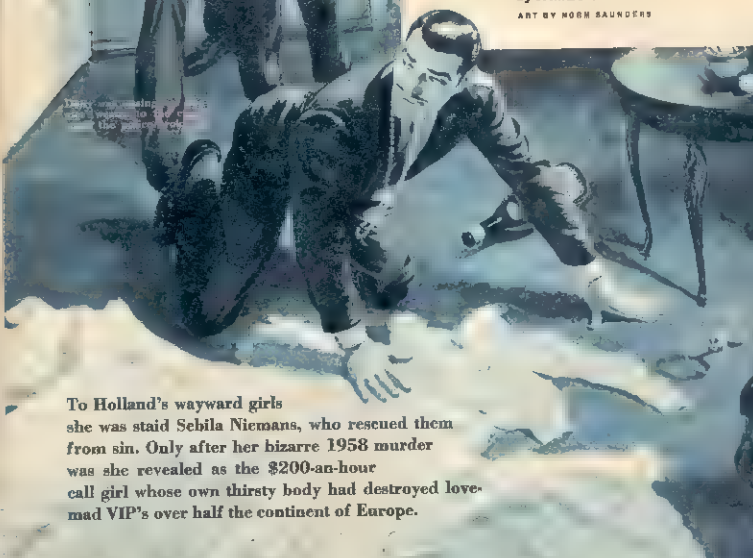
**SHE BROUGHT A CITY TO ITS KNEES**

# BLONDE DOLLY: GIVEAWAY HARLOT OF AMSTERDAM

by JAMES COLLIER

ART BY NORM SAUNDERS

Dolly was missing  
and wanted to  
the police.



To Holland's wayward girls she was staid Sebila Niemanns, who rescued them from sin. Only after her bizarre 1958 murder was she revealed as the \$200-an-hour call girl whose own thirsty body had destroyed love-mad VIP's over half the continent of Europe.

**W**HAT piqued the curiosity of the Dutch press was the method by which death had been brought about. The girl had been strangled, but this in itself was not unusual. Strangled prostitutes, while not a regular occurrence in Amsterdam, are still not featured on the front pages day after day. But the device which had done the strangling was of more than common interest. Sex, death, and money were combined in the neatest imaginable way. Blonde Dolly, the prostitute of Amsterdam had been choked to death by ten-guilder notes.

Thirty-four of them had been balled together one at a time, the way a newspaper is crumpled for lighting a fire, and jammed down her throat. A stick, hastily broken from a broom, was found beside her body, and it was clear that the murderer had used it to ram the notes far back into the esophagus. The inner linings of the mouth and throat were abraded, the small blood vessels ruptured, and the tongue torn back almost completely from its roots.

PLEASE TURN PAGE



**TRUE**  
**BOOK LENGTH**



During her stay at Deauville on the Riviera, Dolly divided time between Lancel and men who picked her up on the beach.



Though Dolly was not the only Dutch girl to fraternize with the German Army, she alone earned fortune being "friendly."

## BLONDE DOLLY

The girl had apparently been alive during part of the process. Bruises on her stomach and chest indicated that the murderer—a man of some strength—had knelt on her body while "feeding" her the banknotes, holding her head to the floor by the same mass of shimmering hair which so many men had found on their pillows on so many mornings.

Two other facts amused readers of the June 3, 1958 editions of Amsterdam's morning newspapers. First, Blonde Dolly's body was naked when found. Second, she'd willed assets of 724,000 guilders (\$200,000) in bonds, debentures and cash to a school for wayward women. The irony was that Blonde Dolly Hepple, the most wayward of them all, had proven herself able to get along quite nicely without handouts. Presumably if the other girls were successful in her path, poverty would be virtually eliminated in The Netherlands.

In any case, without the odd details surrounding her death, Blonde Dolly would have rated a mention on page three, and then would have disappeared altogether. It would have been a pity. Her story is worth the telling.

Blonde Dolly Niemans was born in 1928, to a Dutch sugar beet farmer in the Friesland district in the northeast of The Netherlands. Witnesses to her childhood attest that she was born beautiful, bright and harassed by a mental quirk which gave her sexual life the peculiar bent it was to take.

She grew up on the farm, in theory treading to the sugar beets, but in actual practice enlarging upon her sensuality. Reminiscences of old neighbors are ordinarily untrustworthy. But it is plain that Sebila Niemans (her name at birth) neither cared about work nor indulged in it to any great extent.

What she did care about and indulge was her body. This evidence comes from Theo ten Hoor, a young man who boarded with the Niemans family, helped in the fields and trudged three miles to the local school between times. Ten Hoor is older and wiser now. He was 17 at the time. Blonde Dolly was 14. He slept in the room next to hers, and through a crack in the wooden wall peered at her at any available hour. She spent hours, it seems, moving naked around her room. She would sit on the bed undressed, or

lie full length on her bed, staring into a hand mirror at her lovely, fresh face. Sometimes she would lean the little mirror on the back of a shelf and twisting and turning, attempt to view her whole body, which, due to the size of the mirror, was an impossible task. Sebila Niemans was in love with herself, in love with her handsome, smooth skin and her beautifully sculpted figure, which even at 14 showed the full voluptuous curves of a mature woman.

The prancing in front of the mirror went on for a month. And then suddenly one day Dolly turned her face toward the crack in the wall and began to laugh. "You think I am lovely?" she asked.

Astonished and blushing red, young ten Hoor did not answer. "Never mind," she said. "I know you are there. Why do you think I have been doing this?"

The young man left the Niemans household at the end of the week. He knew a witch when he saw one; he knew she would sop him dry to feed her naked vanity, and so he fled.

Then, in 1939, came the Nazi invasion of the low countries. The Germans swept into Friesland unopposed. Except for the presence of the arrogant Nazi troops in the streets of the towns and the gradually growing shortages of food, life went on much the same. Dolly Niemans was now 17—a full budded, rich-fleshed young woman, with long blonde hair (sometimes dyed black) that flashed in the sunlight halfway down her back. She apparently had no doubts about what was in store for her, and she seemed willing to meet her fate halfway. She said once to a shopkeeper's wife, "I wonder how soon they will come for me?" There was no self-pity in her voice, only a kind of acceptance, which made the shopkeeper's wife suspect that she was anxious to get on with it.

She may have been. She soon outlined a little plan for herself. She would go see the local commandant, Obersturmbannführer Wessel. There was no point in involving herself with a common soldier when something better was to be had.

Obersturmbannführer Wessel was a small, mild-mannered family man whom, the chances of war had cast up in the

backwashers of The Netherlands. He was not used to glamor and glory. ■ surprised him then, when the girl appeared in his office one gloomy winter's morning. A soldier escorted her in, muttering something in German. He glanced from the desk "Yes?"

Without invitation she sat down and leaned back in the chair. She was wearing a raincoat and a small red beret. "Have you got a cigarette?" she asked.

Wessel was a little nonplussed at her boldness. He pushed the cigarettes across the desk at her. She took one and lit it "Your business, please?"

She puffed lazily at her cigarette. Then she said suddenly, "I came to be your mistress."

He leaned back, startled. "My mistress?"

She stood, the cigarette at the corner of her lips. With slow, voluptuous movements she unbuttoned the raincoat. It fell back to reveal no clothes, only her naked flesh glowing from the chill sting of the weather. Wessel sat unspeaking for a long minute. Dolly watched; and then she said, "Of course, I will want things for myself. Not money I do not care about money. But perfumes And cigarettes And champagne And a pretty room with fluffy things and a long mirror." Her expression grew vague with a kind of dreamy intensity. "And chocolate and oranges for me to eat. And soft things to sit on. And I must do no work. I must have a maid to take care of me."

The bargain was struck. A more aggressive man ■ the Obersturmbannführer's position might have simply laughed at Dolly and taken her on his own terms. But Wessel was not accustomed to ordering women around, and he considered her presence a stroke of luck. So Dolly packed her clothes into ■ cheap pasteboard suitcase, climbed in the middle of the night out of the farmhouse window, and walked a half mile down the road to a lonely spot where Wessel was sitting in a black Mercedes waiting for her. She climbed in the car. "Where are you going to take me?"

He licked his lips nervously, and put his arm around her shoulders ■ an awkward, self-conscious manner. "Here," he said.

She shoved his arm away. "Not here," she said crossly. "Some place nice. I told you."

He bowed his head. "I couldn't find a place. There is no place ■ town. Everybody would know."

She eyed him curiously. "I thought you were the Obersturmbannführer. I thought you were boss. That is why I came to you, so you could command for me the pretty things."

"All right," he said gruffly, his mettle up at the accusation of lack of courage. "I take you to Leeuwarden."

Leeuwarden was the largest of Holland's north country towns—some 60,000 people there traded heavily ■ food stuffs for the country. Driving quickly through the night, Wessel made it in two hours. Then his troubles began. The town was filled with occupation forces; housing accommodations were nearly nonexistent. To complicate matters, it was two o'clock in the morning. Given time, Wessel might have made some arrangement; as it was he was hard put to explain his sudden need for a room. As he drove from hotel to hotel, from boarding house to boarding house, Blonde Dolly sat petulantly in the big Mercedes, smoking and yawning and chiding Wessel as if he were a school-boy. Humbly and with growing anxiety, he continued his search. It would soon be morning. He was required to be back ■ his office at eight o'clock.

At last he determined on the bold stroke. Swinging up to the Copplemeister, the largest and most sumptuous of Leeuwarden's hotels, he marched into the lobby. "A room," he said, bringing as much official courtesy to his voice as he could. "I must have a place to sleep immediately."

The clerk hesitated.

(Continued on page 73)

## Blonde Dolly Wills \$200,000 To Wayward Girls

AMSTERDAM, Holland, Aug. 16.—At-  
torneys here revealed today that a mar-  
ried prostitute had bequeathed 724,000  
guilder (\$200,000) to three correction  
schools for wayward women.

Piet Hinkel said that Sebila "Blonde  
Dolly" Niemanns had willed this sum in  
addition to 345,000 guilder to the Stuy-  
derker Home For The Aged and 125,000  
guilder to the Amsterdam Poetry Society,  
of which she was the founder.

Miss Niemanns' bizarre murder, on June  
3, 1938, shocked the nation. She was  
found nude in her apartment. A number  
of guilder notes had been rammed into  
her throat by a broken broomstick.

Mr. Hinkel said he expected "no legal  
difficulties" in disposing of the money to  
the named beneficiaries. A citizens' league  
for decency had questioned the propri-  
ety of the will ever since Miss Niemanns'  
death.

The woman was . . .

"Let the papers scream!" Dolly al-  
ways said. "It's my body and I'll  
use it any damn way I see fit . . ."



Sebila, shown here as a dyed brunette, had a hab-  
it of using men like the many ransome she owned.



# THE TURNCOAT COMMANDO WHO SUCKERED THE JAP ARMY

by WHIT GORDON


ART BY BASIL GOSCH

AT three A.M. on the steaming morning of February, 18, 1944, Lieutenant John Denny of the British Army was sweating it out behind a tree on the banks of the Chindwin River in northern Burma. He was a demolition expert attached to the 18th Infantry Brigade, part of Major-General Orde Wingate's elite force of Chindits that specialized in blitz raids deep behind the Japanese lines.

Leeches and mosquitoes attacked him endlessly, but Denny kept concentrating grimly on the bridge fixed in the sights of his Sten gun. He'd lured over 110 miles through unbelievable jungle to blast this 200-foot span. He wasn't going to fail.

He heard his four commandos breathing hard behind him.





Denny waved wildly, but the Beaufighters dove on him and Japs alike.

During the war, I never remembered the name of Burma in his pack. But when his car to a turned it up, he spotted a hand hidden in an office in the wrong army, leading the way to what Wingate called the most amazing "trailer raid" of WWII.



Japs' treatment of Burmese mayor was mild compared to target who they made of some of his countrymen.

## THE TURNCOAT COMMANDO

"Go ahead," he whispered.

The men flickered through the tangle towards the bridge and vanished into the dark green tangle. Denny put down the sub-machinegun and raised his binoculars to peer at the two bandy-legged Nipponese scoundrels plodding back and forth at the near end of the span.

It happened very fast. The two Japs heard the strange sound and walked over to investigate. Two of the Chindits jumped each, ramming bayonets deep into one guard's stomach, neatly breaking the wind-pipe of the other with judo chops rehearsed a thousand times. In five seconds, both sentries were dead.

Two of the Englishmen, picked because they were short and slim, quickly stripped their victims and changed into the bloody clothes. There was almost no moonlight, and the ugly red stains wouldn't be noticed until it was too late. Carrying grenades concealed in their fists, the commandos then nonchalantly hiked out across the bridge to dispose of the unsuspecting Japanese on the far side of the river.

Denny looked at his watch. It was 3:04. He stood up, raised his Sten tensely. For one second he considered lighting a cigarette to burn off the leeches sucking so thirstily at both ankles, but he knew that he didn't dare.

The grenades went off an instant later, spluttering the girders at the far end of the span with a fine spray of crimson. The shattered bodies of the five bombed Nipponese were all sprawled together in a heap, with the exception of one severed leg that still bled out in the middle of the bridge.

Denny grabbed his slabs of gun cotton and started running. A score of Chindits with machineguns, English PIAT bazookas and armor bones piled out of the jungle after him. One squad raced across the span at top speed, began planting land mines and booby-traps up and down the trail that led to the enemy camp three miles away. Other Chindits began unreeing Denny's electric cables, preparing to connect the wires to the detonator on the bank.

They all moved swiftly, surely. With the exception of Denny, who'd just joined Wingate's free-wheeling Special Force, they were all pros with at least two years of Asiatic soldiering under their belts. They placed the charges where Denny ordered, and were starting back off the span when they heard the menacing rumble.

" Tanks! " the young lieutenant shouted. " Take cover! I'm going to blast! "

The Chindits sprinted for the shelter of the thick jungle. As the last one disappeared into the green underbrush, Denny braced himself and rammed the plunger down. The earth shuddered under the tremendous impact. He waited a few seconds until the shower of rubble halted, then stood up to add the firepower of his Sten to the small arms battle raging downstream.

He never squeezed off a shot. Something smashed him a blinding blow across the back of the head, and he crumpled unconscious. He came to groggily at dawn. He had no idea that he was about to start one of the most fantastic adventures in World War II, that he was about to join an enemy army, that he was going to lead an entire battalion of hostile troops on a raid that might have caused tens of thousands of U.S. and British casualties.

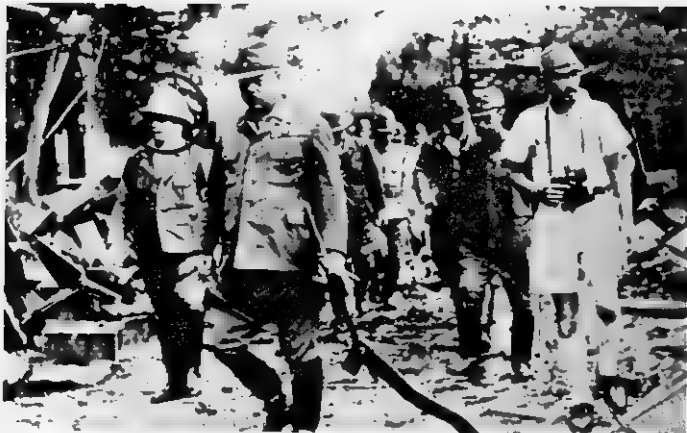
His skull hurt and throbbed and ached. The glare of the sun made him blink with pain. There was blood clotted in the hair at the back of his aching head. He sat up slowly and saw he was alone. Both his pack and his Sten lay at his feet. Left behind for dead, he was 100 miles behind the Nipponese lines in a jungle he'd never learned.

He opened the pack, took a pull from his water bottle, counted his three cans of American K rations, 80 bullets and two "36" grenades. Then he fumbled dazedly at a small bronze statue of Buddha he'd been logging in his pack. He'd almost forgotten about the statue. He'd been stretching his legs one night two weeks before at the Dinspur Station when the troop train paused for water, and he had seen a shifty Indian civilian whispering to a trooper of the Burma Rifles whom Wingate was using as guides. Both civilian and trooper fled when Denny approached, leaving behind this odd four-inch statuette. He'd picked it up as a souvenir.

His thoughts about the Buddha were interrupted by Japanese voices. He knew what the enemy did to prisoners. He grabbed his pack and Sten and slithered off deeper into the tangled ferns. Chunks of timber and steel bolts from the bridge lay all around him, clearly indicating that he'd been stunned by flying rubble from his own expert explosion.

He kept crawling back from the Nipponese officers he saw inspecting the severed span only 40 yards away. When he was another 100 yards into the jungle, he started walking northward. He'd done his job. He'd wrecked the bridge, and now all he had to do was hike through 30,000 Japanese infantry and 100 miles of the Burma jungle's snakes, swamps and tarantulas.

He slogged on till dark, ate one of the K rations and fell



Heading Jap force on Denny's trail was Major Tagachaki (in circle), seen here with notorious General Yamashita.

asleep. When the sun flashed in his eyes at six A.M., he started walking again. He realized what the odds were against him, but he just kept hiking, climbing over roots, pushing through thorn thickets, swimming streams, and fighting the hordes of insects and leeches who fed so well on his blood. He bypassed a deadly green serpent, panting wearily as he tramped on down the narrow trail.

On the third day, the ragged, aching, much bitten saboteur tossed a grenade into a small river to blast up some fish. He cooked and ate three before he resumed his lonely march. It wasn't until that afternoon that the sudden waves of nausea staggered him; the fish had obviously been either tainted or poisoned by the Japs. He fell to his knees and heaved up his guts, then stood up and tottered forward stubbornly.

He collapsed half an hour later, started crawling and was on all fours when he turned a bend in the path and saw a native village directly ahead. His uniform was in tatters and he was covered with mud, but he forced himself to his feet to walk the last 30 yards. Greasy-haired Burmese in ankle-length *lungyi* ran from the bamboo huts to catch him as he toppled over unconscious.

He felt much better when he woke up the next morning. His filthy uniform had been washed and pressed neatly, and a barber waited to shave him. A young Karen girl smilingly fed the 24-year-old commando in a cottage that had been set aside for him.

"Are you truly a British officer?" she asked in perfect English when he finished the last of the fried rice.

"Of course, why not?"

"Then why do you come

(Continued on page 52)



Chindits who escaped from bridge blow-up carried wounded buddies to rear, leaving Denny for dead.

# MAMA GENNA'S

ANGELA

SAM

JIM

MORE  
PETE



TONY

Bullet-stocked corpse of Tony Genna was retouched to keep from shocking 1925 newspaper readers. Chicago's ghastly gang murders were still going on in '34 when, oddly, another Paul Labrie was found in a car trunk (rt., with no-victim J. Wetsberg).



# SIX LITTLE MONSTERS



By William Koford & Frank Mullady

He wasn't tall—not over five foot, eight inches—but there was 200 pounds of meat on him. His lips were thick and sensual and brutal; his nostrils wide, and sometimes he wheezed like a prize fighter who has had his nose broken. A crescent-shaped scar on his left cheek stood out with the whiteness of a fish's belly against an otherwise yellowish skin.

He was standing, wide-legged, in front of Jake Guzik's desk, eyeing the rackets boss arrogantly. Beside him was Johnny Torrio, one of the first of Chicago's top mobsters to sense the fortune inherent in the new prohibition law.

"Meet Al Capone, Jake," Torrio said quietly.

Guzik nodded. He wasn't impressed, though it had been his suggestion that Torrio get an "enforcer" to keep the boys in line.

"This is going to be a big thing—this prohibition," Guzik said to Capone. "Johnny will need somebody to see that orders are carried out, but we don't want any rough stuff unless it's necessary. You'll have to learn the ropes."

"So?" Capone said.

"So for the time being we'll put you with Big Jim Colisimo—he has political connections. Hang around there and keep your mouth shut and your ears open. You'll get a C note a week."

"I didn't come from Brooklyn to Chicago for no C note," Capone growled. He turned to Torrio. "Johnny, I'm tired of workin' in joints. I want something big."

Guzik interrupted. "Stop it. You're breaking my heart. All right, you'll get a C and a half. But if you don't want to do what you're told, you'd better start back to Brooklyn right away."

"I'll take the C and a half," Capone said grudgingly, "but you can't blame me for wantin' something big."

"Go down to Colisimo's. You'll get something big if the Gennas happen along—a big lump on your skull," Guzik snapped.

"Yeah?" Capone said. "Who are the Gennas?"

"Six brothers—six Sicilian brothers," Torrio filled in. "And tough!"

"Six brothers? That's too many in one family. Let's knock off a couple."

Guzik and Torrio couldn't help laughing. They didn't realize that Scarface was being more prophetic than amusing; and it is understandable how, from the very beginning, he didn't like the Gennas—any of them.

Those six Sicilians—the terrible Gennas—never had been easy to get along with. Even when they were lowly muscle men for Big Jim Colisimo, they were a pain in the neck. Yet, strangely enough, it was the effort to shake them that started them on a fabulous criminal career of their own.

All the brothers were in Colisimo's saloon one day, several years before the advent (Continued on page 44)

Weaned on bombs and sawed-off shotguns, this Sicilian sextet rose from the gutter to head America's richest criminal empire—until they tried to buck the one man who hated their brother-for-brother ties.

# NEWS

**ABORTING THE LAW** • She was 18, lived with her parents on New York's tawdrier lower east side, and was coming home late from her secretarial job on Madison Avenue.

A neighborhood lost she knew only as Big Bums out on the steps of a brownstone house with two others. Her father had told her to avoid him. They were gunning beer, looking for trouble. Big Bums stood, blocking her way. She tried to step around. One of the others shouldered her back. She turned to run and ran into the third boy's chest.

"This one's had it coming for a long time," she later quoted Big Bums as saying, "and now she gets it. Now she really gets it." They then shoved her into a doorway and took leisurely turns raping her.

Later, the three were easily collared because they were as stupid about running as they were about raping in their own neighborhood to begin with, and each was jailed for five years. But this did nothing to ease the pain when, three months later, the girl turned out to be pregnant.

Her father comfortingly said it wasn't her fault. Her family doctor first tried to induce miscarriage by drugs, then tried to arrange a legal abortion, which can be done in New York, but only under rigid, rarely-met requirements. Negative. It was suggested that he himself perform it, illegally. Also negative.

By the time she had the child, she was the talk of the block. Some said she hadn't really been raped at all, but had tested first. The constant embarrassment scoured the formerly understanding attitude of her family, and one night her father bellowed, "where," and slapped her. The next thing she had after the child was a nervous breakdown.

It was all unnecessary. Many doctors and lawyers feel the shame and hardship of such cases can be avoided by an abortion of another sort—scrapping the cruel perinatal concepts out of our abortion laws themselves. The nation's MDs disapprove of abortion simply to meet the caprice of women who wish to avoid motherhood, but feel it is something that should be performed more freely than it is in other cases.

At an American Medical Association conclave in Miami this year, Zed Leavy, a DA from Los Angeles, and Dr. Jerome Kummer, a UCLA psychiatrist, presented strong medicine to purge the old laws. They urged abortions be made easier to get: (1) For mothers who are mentally retarded or totally invalided; (2) in cases where congenital diseases will be inherited; (3) in cases of rape, incest, or moral irresponsibility of the girl.

The extensions of these first steps are obvious: first the hardship comes, then liberalization that will

get American women—who now have to go into back rooms for this service—into the operating rooms where they belong.

(Name withheld.)

**YANE TOURIST KILL-TRAPS** • The four British soldiers, all un-armed, for it was not a punitive mission, were walking through the Red Hills near Kingston, Jamaica. They were a patrol out from a 250-man force sent to soothe a group of natives making other natives restless with talk of seizing the government.

"Bloody rotten way to spend an afternoon, chasing bloody voodoo will-o'-the-wisps," complained one.

"Better than hell pack drill," said another.

"Who the devil are these Ras Tafarians anyway?"

"Who knows? It's still better than pack drill."

The four found out "who" later in the day. According to one of the survivors, this is what happened. While in the bushes, a distinctly American voice said stop. They stopped. Several armed men showed themselves. American Voice said kneel and forced the four to their knees. Then American Voice said fire. When the shooting was done, two were dead, two wounded.

The dead infuriated Jamaicans. Retaliation was swift. Premier Norman Manley hurried a 1,000-man force into the hills, captured six men and charged them with murder. A disturbing thing was that all were Americans on tourist visas.

The plot then revealed infuriated and disturbed



BLOODY INSULT

Jamaicans even more. What they diagnosed as simple restlessness, involving a few individuals, turned out to be full-scale rebellion in the making, with a fanatic religious cult which included many Americans at the head of a 20,000-man organization.

The inside: Ras Tafari, a name supposedly de-



# BREAK

rived from one of Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie's own, was guided by a self-styled holy man, Reverend Claudius Henry, M. B. (Repairer of the Breach). Guns and powder-filled conch shells were found in his church, and he was jailed for treason. Ras Tafariism had two purposes: One, to lead a back-to-Africa exodus of the Negro population. Two, to take over Jamaica and convert it to a Negro republic. Reverend Henry was somehow able to square these two contradictory goals.

The shocking thing to most Jamaicans, however, was still the Americans. At least 20 who entered on tourist cards in recent months were really rabble-rousers and violence preachers who went immediately into the Red Hills on landing to join the RTs.

Besides being dangerous, their conduct was felt to be grossly insulting to boot. "They came here as bloody tourists and accepted our hospitality," complained one police official. "Then they repay us by setting bloody traps for us in our own back yard."

**THICK CHICKS** • Blasting off another space-age experiment recently, scientists placed ordinary chicks in some unscientific-looking apparatus that resembled a Coney Island gut-twister and sent them spinning at a speed which created a gravity four times normal.

The down-to-earth purpose: to determine what the effect of greater gravities than earth's will have on man when he conquers our own 1G vertical. And, two months later, the orbiting chicks gave Dr. Arthur Smith and his cohorts at the University of California's research center more ideas than they expected to hatch.

First, to overcome the quadrupled, or 4G gravity, the growing birds developed smaller bodies, livers and hearts, but legs twice as large and muscular as 1G chicks. Second, it took them twice as long to mature to laying age, and when they did eject their first eggs, they were flat.

But this was only the beginning.

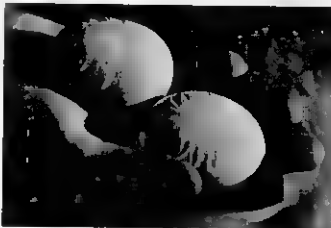
They were taken from the 4G centrifuge and allowed to run around at normal 1G, for the first time. Some did acrobatic somersaults, the same forward flips over and over again. Others tucked their heads between their feet and ran backwards. And still others just seemed to get their down up and angrily pecked at their own backsides.

A day later things were back to normal for them. Eggs were grade A oval and there was no more berserk behavior. What then, was the value of it all?

"Similar things will undoubtedly happen to men who colonize a dense planet such as Jupiter," Dr. Smith reported. This means that they'll adjust to

foreign gravities, then perhaps show wacky symptoms when they return, but perhaps more violently and for longer periods.

Coming up: Using the fowl that survived the "space flight" as parents, Dr. Smith is trying to breed a strain that easily adapts to G-changes. He is on the fourth generation, and his findings may be the first scratchings in the embryo science of determining



**HARD-BOILED GRAVITY**

which humans are best fitted for space travel.

Blank spot to go: What happens to the cellular makeup of a man's blood? At 11 Gs, for instance, it becomes as heavy as molten iron and works the devil out of the heart.

Summing up: A lab associate said, "Whatever the answers are, I think we're off to a start worth cackling about, and at this point, I think it's impossible for us to lay an egg."

**IT HAPPENED THIS MONTH in 1935** • Disgusted and disappointed because he could "no longer feel safe in America," Colonel Charles Lindbergh kissed America goodbye and sailed to England to live. Reason: Increasing numbers of threats to kidnap his three-year-old son, Jon, just as Bruno Hauptmann had kidnapped and murdered another son, Charles Jr., in 1932. His bitter comments on the inefficiency of the N.J. police for not finding the threat-makers brought equally bitter reactions from public and press which said he was ungrateful and un-American. And some hinted that the whole thing was only an excuse for him to be nearer Nazi Germany, for which he had expressed admiration.

Coincidentally, just two weeks before, the Supreme Court turned down Hauptmann's plea for review of his death sentence. He was to die in April, 1936.

# WILD YANK McCUMLEY AND HIS WONDERFUL URUBU HAREM

The jungle-trapped ex-GI saw no reason to resist his bevy of Indian beauties. But five desperate months later, he found himself leading a savage tribal war—with the Brazilian government hard on his heels.

**T**HERE were eight in the boat traveling upriver from Jaturaca when the *surucucu* struck. It was a big one—around five inches thick—and struck from a swamp tree as the boat swung close to shore avoiding a rapids on the River Gurupi.

The boat was half-canoe, half-raft, fitted with a haphazard canopy on poles against the sun, and powered by a heavy but sluggish motor. The boatman was a *caboclo*, as Indian-Negro half-castes are called in Brazil: five of the others were Indian—four Tupi boys and one Urubu. Then the two white men, a Brazilian named Caelago and an American named

McCumley, whose superior size and contrasting blondness probably made him stand out for the snake, which uncoiled from the tree to sink fangs in his shoulder.

"Ai-eel!" The scream was Caelago's; the others were too busy battling the *surucucu*. While the Tupi boys grappled to hold the beast and Nanjek, the Urubu, bashed its head with a grappling hook, the Brazilian ranted, "Saints, man! They sing, they sing, these *surucucu*! Why didn't you listen, why didn't you hear it sing? Infernal bad luck! Rot! Rot!"

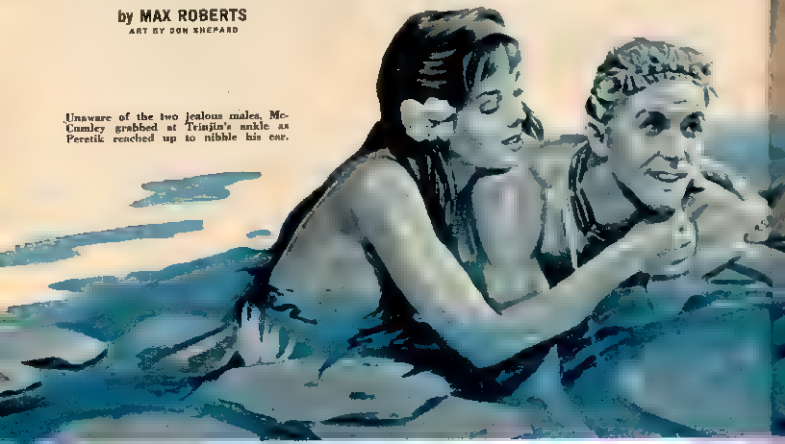
Caelago was the leader of the expedition—gaunt, garrulous, given to quick, tempestuous decisions. For two weeks

PLEASE TURN PAGE

by MAX ROBERTS

ART BY DON SHEPARD

Unaware of the two jealous males, McCumley grabbed at Triujin's ankle as Peretik reached up to nibble his ear.





## WILD YANK McCUMLEY

his jabbering had plagued the river journey—complaints about loud howler monkeys in the mangroves and the sudden rapids they kept running into, misadventures about the mediroba tree he hoped to find in profusion.

Now, he kept jabbering, cursing his bad luck. "We're two days off schedule as it is," he piped in rapid Portuguese. His trembling bony hands fumbled around in the medicine crate while the Tupi boys worked to keep the boat upright with their long poles. Nanjek the Urubu was already cleaning the wound with a knife and some alcohol when Caelloso finally came up with the bottle of anti-venom and a hypodermic syringe.

"Hold still, hold still," he babbled over McCumley's bared buttock. "Curse this boat, curse these rapids!"

He bungled the injection, piercing McCumley three times before pushing the serum through, his voice full of reproach all the while. Then the boat was tossed—and Caelloso lost syringe and anti-venom overboard simultaneously.

"Look what you've made me do now!" he shrieked at the American while the men used their poles for balance. "Now no serum! Four miles of infested jungle to march and no anti-venom, no anti-venom to preserve us! Oh why didn't you hear that damned *surucua* sing?"

McCumley laughed, but not for long. The following morning he was feverish, his legs swollen—the injection had been a miserably inadequate one.

"At river's end there's an Urubu village," Caelloso mopped, still full of advice and decision. "A big one, yes. The Indians have a remedy, an effective one, yes, that's well known. One more day and we'll have you—"

"No. You stop here," Nanjek told Francisco. He was along as interpreter to the Urubu, in whose jungle region the party must work, and spoke a fluent Portuguese. "One day is too long for the *surucua* bite. You stop here."

With a burst of indignation Caelloso protested this display of insubordination, and that was when the big American,

in a flat menacing voice, said, "Shut up, Caelloso. Shut up, now."

Caelloso fell quiet at last under the cold eyes of the Tupi boys. Francisco veered over to the harbor shore. Then, as men helped McCumley over the side, the Brazilian began to suffer, scratching at his mustache, wiping oily sweat.

"No sense turning back to Jaranaca, it would take too long to do you any good. I would stay, yes, to personally guide you to a village, but we . . . behind schedule, you know. You won't have trouble, I'm sure," he stammered, and then magnanimously said, "Take Nanjek to guide you. He knows enough Urubu to get by with pacified natives. The Tupi boys can help out, yes. Rest easy."

**M**EANWHILE Nanjek was directing the Tupi to unload provisions for himself and McCumley—some food and clothes, a rifle with ammunition, and a good-sized crate of trade goods like beads and knives and machetes as ingratiating gifts to the jungle dwellers. Up past the narrow beach he led McCumley with the Tupi carrying their gear to green shadows under mangroves alive with red and white birds.

From the boat, as the four Indian boys got in, Caelloso called, "I'll be back this way in a fortnight. I'll find you in the nearest village. You'll be all right, boy!"

"If I am," McCumley muttered, "I'm going to hump that old woman up so nobody'll recognize him back in Belém."

With a lurch the young Urubu went off to the river. He returned to cover McCumley's wound with a wetted *saia* palm. Then he took up a machete and said, "You keep that rifle ready. Keep the insects off you. If I don't find a village close by we'll have to move farther in."

He went off, and Al McCumley was alone in the din of birds and a heat that made even the brief shadows he wore almost unbearable. He lay back smoking a cigarette. It was high noon, June 18, 1950.

Three years before, at 24, McCumley had landed in Rio de Janeiro with an army discharge and an urge to travel that resulted from the break-up of a hasty war-time marriage. He worked at the steel mills in Volta Redonda, then traveled farther south to São Paulo for jobs in a variety of industries—paper-pulp, textiles, chemicals, even planting.

By the time he returned to Rio at the end of 1949 he spoke Portuguese fluently and had a root understanding of the Indian dialects used by some factory and plantation hands he had been employed by overseas. He was a yellow-haired Brazilian by then and found it easy to make good connections, the first of which, with a linen firm, soon became a bore. The second, promising adventure he had come to crave, sent him north around the coast to the beautiful metropolis of Belém, gateway to the Amazon.

The Amazon Exploratory Service (S.E.A.) was in the business of searching given areas of the wilderness for natural resources that other firms would then exploit. With his varied experiences McCumley came well recommended as a field agent. But since the jungle was new to him he started out from Belém as an assistant agent—to César Caelloso, a vice-director of the firm—in search of oils, resins, and lumber. Nanjek accompanied them to Vissu at the Gurupi delta, and there they picked up the Tupi boys as well as the boat that took them south, past the Indian post of Canindé and smaller towns than Jaranaca, all cropping right out of the jungle on the river bank.

There followed two weeks of insects that drew blood, the snakes and Caelloso, to whom he owed his predicament.

"I have found an Indian village," With them words Nanjek woke him into the stinking heat. "I saw women digging in a manioc patch. It's strange. They wear no skirts.



Supporting the fever-stricken McCumley, Nanjek fired to alert the natives. But the women fled and no man appeared.

*"Saints, man! Did  
you hear that?  
Caellago scolded.  
But he was too late  
the snake had fanged  
the Yank, deep."*



Nothing, nothing they wear but feather collars and genipapo juice painted on them. Naked they work."

Feverish and bleary, McCumley clawed at the sweat on his chest. "They must be Urubu. What's so strange about naked Urubu?"

A fleeting look of affront passed over Nanjek's face. He lit a cigarette. "We no longer go naked. No, not for some twenty years, since the pacification. No, not even those Urubu who never left the jungle. Not the women, anyway—they wear skirts, skirts everywhere, even at work."

"You sound scared. They're Urubu, aren't they?"  
"I can't be sure. The feather collars, I'm familiar with the design, but naked . . . naked . . . perhaps they come from Venezuela . . . there are some there . . ." He dragged on the cigarette, gazing at McCumley. "You're in bad pain?"

"Yes, pain. Pain, fever too."

Nanjek began covering their stores with palm fronds and grasses. "Even before the pacification," he mumbled unhappily, "the women often wore *kue-yoo*, little palm fronds down here, back here. And these—naked, no skirts, no *kue-yoo*, just a few feathers at the neck. Maybe they're Guajaja, who live nowhere but always move, always journey in the jungle."

"But you saw a manioc plantation," McCumley said impatiently. His swollen legs were smarting, the fever was devouring him. "If they grow manioc they can't be nomads. We have to try these Indians, whoever they are."

"Yes," Nanjek said resignedly, putting porcelain beads and steel knives into a canvas bag, "or you will soon die of the *nurucucu*."

They went east along a narrow Indian hunting path, tripping over roots and vines, slapped by rubbery leaves, scratched by thorns. McCumley ran a severe sweat more from his pain than the heat. But in less than a half-hour Nanjek used him to the ground and parted the foliage to let him look down on the small roga, or plantation, where at work on manioc tubers were women ranging in age from girl to hag.

Every one of them was naked up to her neck feathers and bobbed black hair.

Despite his agony McCumley had to grin, for every stooping, twisting body was absolutely clean of hair. "Do they shave, or what?" he whispered.

Now Nanjek grinned too, whispering, "No, Indian women, only the head grows hair." Where they sat close together he gazed shyly at his knees. "When I first heard that about Brazilian women, that they were different, like men, I went mad with dreams of them. Mad, mad. To Canindé I went from my village. To Nazaré, Viséu, seeking such women, but they scorned a little Indian like me. Then in Bragança, even more in Belém, an Indian boy could find . . . I no longer had to dream."

McCumley sank back with an abrupt welling up of fire in his legs; cold with sweat he said, "Let them know we're here."

"I must make noise. To show we're not enemies." Full of fear, Nanjek grimly fired the rifle, a resounding shot through the jungle roof that stirred up a racket of screeching birds. Below, amid manioc stalks down the slope, the women froze in their various postures of labor. Suddenly, naked men appeared with bows and arrows and long black hair. The women fled, jabbering with fright, into the enclosing jungle.

"We are come!" Nanjek bellowed in Urubu. "*Sae katoo*," McCumley heard him call, good men. More than that he could not understand. The warriors crouched below. Then six of them slowly approached.

One Indian yelled something in a kind of ceremonious chant.

"Yes, they're Urubu," Nanjek gasped with some relief. "They want us to show ourselves. You stay here."

The rest was vague for McCumley. He remembered the small man handing over the rifle with a meaningful glance and going forth armed only with the canvas sack of gifts, shouting in the *hantén* manner, the "hard" manner of Urubu formal talk. Then lying there, supposedly covering Nanjek with the rifle, he passed out in red waves of fever.

He woke retching over a mouthful of foul liquid. Time had passed, he could tell instinctively; he was in a shady place and terrified, but Nanjek's grinning face reassured him. A dozen Indians were in (Continued on page 48)

The Czar and his 50  
Grand Dukes were only  
initial targets. Before  
he was through, this one-  
man Russia-wrecker had  
crippled Lenin, shot down  
scores of Stalin's com-  
missars and wound up an  
incredible kill-crazy  
career by purging his  
own Terror Brigade.

*Boris Savinkoff:*

# THE RED WHO ASSASSINATED EVERYBODY

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As the Red boss of all the Russias crossed the sidewalk to his car, a short thin woman with flashing black eyes and tangled hair stepped out of the waiting crowd. Under one arm she carried an open brief case. Her hand darted to it. A revolver gleamed in the sun. Three shots rang out.

Blood spouting from his neck and chest, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin fell to the pavement. The chauffeur leaped from behind the wheel, gun in hand. But he couldn't spot the assassin in the fleeing mob.

"Home, home," whispered the stricken man.

The chauffeur helped him into the back seat of the car and they sped away to the Kremlin. Hastily summoned doctors found that two of the bullets had struck their mark. One was lodged in the victim's collar bone, the other in his neck. Both narrowly had missed vital organs. Though not instantly fatal, the wounds were serious. Only a man with a tremendous will to live could have survived.

Lenin had the will, and he lived on.

Thus by a mere fraction of an inch did Dora Kaplan miss her chance to change the history of Russia, and of the world. Historians believe that without Lenin the infant Communist regime—torn by dissension, assailed by foes from within, invaded by armies from without—would have collapsed. The flimsy fabric of Red rule was held together by the slender thread of Lenin's forceful personality.

A policeman caught up with the would-be assassin a few blocks from the scene of the shooting. She was leaning against a tree, gasping for breath, still clutching the brief case in one hand and the revolver in the other. She offered no resistance.

At the Lubianka prison Dzerzhinsky, chief of the dread CHEKA (secret police), subjected her to a brutal going-over. By every means at his disposal he attempted to extort from her the identity of her accomplices. But Dora refused to talk.

"I alone am responsible," was all she would say. "I resolved to kill Lenin a long time ago because he is a traitor to the Revolution."

Her words were proven false the following day when Untsky, chief of the Petrograd CHEKA, was shot dead as he was about to enter his office. It became obvious that an organized plot to exterminate top Soviet officials was under way.

Dzerzhinsky called in key police officials. "Strike quickly and secretly, but strike hard!" he ordered. That night thousands of men and women were seized and thrown into prison. At least 500 of them—left-wing dissenters from the Bolshevik Revolution as well as supporters of the Czar—were shot or beaten to death in Moscow alone. Reprisals in Petrograd took a similar toll.

But the brains and leading spirit of the conspiracy eluded the CHEKA. He was Boris Savinkoff, poet and novelist, arch-conspirator and arch-terrorist, fanatic revolutionary and fabulous adventurer.

Cold-blooded, calculated murder was Savinkoff's profession. In the decade preceding World War I he planned and carried out the assassination of scores of prominent government officials—including the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius. On his

PLEASE TURN PAGE



Responsible for the above slaughter in the Jewish pogrom was Comrade von Pichew, first on Savinkoff's assassination list.



Slung through into von Pichew's carriage fragment—the minister, bloodied his two horses and left this shattered wreck.



Here 1918 photo shows Lenin being shot by Dora Kaplan, a Savinkoff hireling. Kaplan died in 1958 in a Moscow jail cell.





Horror of thousands dying in Revolution's St. Petersburg street war obscured Savinkoff's methodical killings of officials.

## RED WHO ASSASSINATED EVERYBODY

travels about Europe he handed out calling cards that bore the legend: "BORIS SAVINKOFF, ASSASSIN OF GRAND DUKES".

One of the most prominent personalities produced by the Russian Revolution, Savinkoff became—with the overthrow of the Czar—a cabinet minister in the Kerensky regime. Then, when the Bolsheviks seized power, he embarked on another orgy of assassination in an attempt to spark a popular uprising against them. The Kremlin ultimately proclaimed him "the most bitter, irreconcilable and persistent enemy of the Soviet regime" and offered a huge reward for his capture dead or alive.

It took them six years to catch up with him.

Boris Viktorovich Savinkoff began his career as a terrorist and assassin at an early age. Born in Warsaw in 1879, son of a well-to-do magistrate, he became involved in revolutionary activities as a student at the Imperial University in St. Petersburg. When authorities threatened rioting students with conscription into the army, he proclaimed:

"We will meet terror with terror, repression with assassination!"

He organized a terrorist gang of young fanatics who willingly and eagerly sacrificed their own lives in attempts against the lives of hated bureaucrats. Early in 1901, for example, the student Kargovich walked into the office of the Minister of Education, Bogolepov, and shot him dead. Two weeks later the student Balmoshev, disguised as an aide de camp to the Governor-General, fired five shots point-blank at Minister of the Interior Sipyagin and killed him.

The OCHRAMA (Czarist secret police) promptly rounded up all students suspected of radical activities. Savinkoff was caught in the dragnet. After nine months of prison without even the pretense of a trial he was shipped off to



A 1917 revolutionary (below), Alexander Kerensky quit Reds, moved to U.S., could look back on a lifetime of terrorists (above).



the penal colony at Vologda, just below the Arctic Circle.

His skill as an organizer, however, had attracted the attention of revolutionary leaders. Fearing his talents would be wasted in captivity, they arranged his escape. He was smuggled aboard a ship to Norway and thence to Switzerland, haven for exiles of all shades of Marxist red.

At Geneva he met Lenin, but considered him "too conservative a revolutionary." Savinkoff wasn't interested in long-term plans for a dictatorship of the proletariat; he craved immediate action. So he joined the more extreme Social-Revolutionary party.

Yevni Azeff, head of the party's "Terrorist Brigade," welcomed the new recruit with open arms. He was planning a series of spectacular political assassinations and needed an able lieutenant to organize and direct them.

Savinkoff's first assignment was to murder von Plehve, new Minister of the Interior and head of the OCHRANA. As the Czar's principal advisor, von Plehve was held responsible for the disastrous war with Japan and the savage pogroms against the Jews. His murder would provide dramatic evidence of popular resentment of autocratic rule.

At the head of an execution squad of five former students—including Dora Brilliant, daughter of a prosperous Jewish merchant—Savinkoff slipped across the Russian border. Posing as a wealthy Englishman, he took a flat in the center of St. Petersburg. Dora, his mistress, was expert in preparing dynamite bombs.

For several weeks members of the squad posing as cab drivers, tobacco hawkers and newspaper vendors studied the daily movements of their (Continued on page 36)



Savinkoff himself tied noose around neck of police spy Father Gapon (above, center), but let traitor Azeff (below) frolic away to Germany and die in a soft bed.



At purge trial, Savinkoff (second from left) was sentenced by Reds to death, later committed suicide.



*Jailbait Chaser, Pornographer, Presidential Candidate*

In 70 years, America's No. 1 oddball rat rarely left the clink he lov

ART BY ROSCOE STILES

*Around the World in 60 Days With*

# **"MILLION BUCK" TRAIN**

By DAN EASTON



Comstock, the legend  
and his first love,  
sister, from the 1900s.

-and then only to six and put the voyager to shame.

THERE once dwelt, among other crackpots in New York City, an obnoxious blue-nose by the name of Anthony Comstock—a professional busybody who thought himself God-ordained to sniff out the so-called indecencies of his day. Let some hapless citizen so much as whisper the word “sex” for example, and this man Comstock would hail him into court.

On the morning of that chilly December 21st, the self-styled censor sat down to scour the morning papers for something to get indignant about. One of the first he picked

up was a curious little sheet entitled *The Train Ligue*.

One glance and his neck-hair bristled. Glaring out at him was the front-page headline: CAUGHT IN BED WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE! Another shrieked: FATHER SEDUCES OWN DAUGHTER IN DRUNKEN ORGY!

Comstock read no further. He gulped, shot out of his chair, yowled like a frustrated tomcat and lit out for the field of battle. As he galloped down Broadway his fury was intensified by the sigh of drooling crowds storming newsboys hawking *The Train Ligue*. PLEASE TURN PAGE

## "MILLION BUCK" TRAIN

He burst into the office of the United States Attorney for the District of New York. From long and harrowing experience, the D.A. winced and groaned, "Oh, not Not again!"

"Fifth!" howled Comstock, wild-eyed and almost incoherent. "Obscenity! Pornography! I demand the immediate arrest of the editor of this . . . this snoot sheet—George Francis Train."

The D.A. winced again. "The nut who campaigned for president this fall, then got mixed up with those Free-Love women and forgot to put his name on the ballot? Is this another of his pranks?"

"A purveyor of filth!" Comstock blurted. "Destroyer of morals! Write your warrant. I'll prefer the charges."

"Let's see that." The D.A. glanced at the headlines and his eyes brightened. "Humm! Well, well! This is very interesting . . ." He caught himself hastily. "Mr. Comstock, unless you can show that this . . . er . . . obscene matter is being distributed through the U.S. mails, it is not a federal matter. I'd suggest you take it up with the local authorities."

"I'd do that," Comstock yelled and marched for the paper.

"You'd better leave this one with me and get yourself another copy," the attorney said, snatching the paper out of immediate reach. "I'd . . . er . . . like to study it more thoroughly to make sure no federal law is being transgressed."

The moment the door closed on the reformer the D.A. bent avidly over the offending journal. As he read his eyes widened. He began to smile, then chuckled. Finally he threw himself back in his chair and roared.

Several hours later the culprit, George Francis Train, sat in his parlor at 313 West 22nd Street, complacently reading the New York Times. Train was 43 at this time, dark-haired and handsome, several times a millionaire and by all odds the wackiest individual of his generation. He was, among other things, to become the original of Jules Verne's *Phileas Fogg*, whose 80-day trip around the world would thrill readers and movie-goers to the present day. But at this moment, Train was a considerably less than a voyaging man. He was merely sitting quietly, waiting for a knock on the door.

It came soon enough. Heavy feet tramped into his parlor. The feet, he noted, were encased in sturdy square-toed shoes and belonged to a pragmatic, stocky man in blue serge suits and derby hat—in short, to New York City plainclothes cop. Train smiled and inquired politely, "Something I can do for you gentlemen?"

The leader flashed a paper. "If you're George Francis Train, you can get your coat and come with us. This here is a warrant for your arrest on charges of printing obscene matter in your newspaper, and it won't do no good to deny it to us."

"Deny it, you stupid ass?" Train said indignantly. "I worked extremely hard to find the most obscene stories available. Why in hell should I deny it?"

He shrugged into a \$500 sealskin overcoat, taking care not to disarrange his carnation, and strolled out between the baffled detectives with the air of a man enjoying himself hugely.

An army of gleeful reporters waited at the station house to see Train booked. Also present was a dour agent of Anthony Comstock. Cheerfully, even boastfully, Train was admitting his guilt when a young man ran in, out of breath.

"Mr. Train," he panted, "Don't worry about a thing. Your friends will soon be here with your bail."

"That's kind of you, sons," Train said, "but please tell them not to bother. I have no intention of accepting bail." He barked at the reporters. "Gentlemen, I am being sent to the Tombs on sensational charges. I intend to remain right there until my case is brought to public trial."

Train next turned his benign smile on the glowering representative of Comstock's vice morality. "As for you, my good man, if either you or your ambitious employer ever get around to read the stories under those headlines you will discover that those stories report the shenanigans of such venerable patriarchs as Abraham, Moses and David. They are reprinted word for word from the Old Testament. Now I shall stay right in the Tombs until Mr. Comstock brings me to trial for printing obscenity. And when he does, I shall demand that he also bring similar charges against the Bible Publishing Company, who distributed this obscene material earlier and much more widely."

At the entrance to the massive, gloomy prison, he turned and winked at the reporters. "Keep in touch, boys. I intend to raise some hell in this Egyptian sepulchre."

It was a promise Train richly kept. He was front page news virtually every day of the five months during which he defied the Army, Navy and Supreme Court to evict him from the dungeon by any means short of bringing Comstock's ridiculous charges to public trial. But then, raising hell was a trade mark and tradition with George Francis Train.

Genius or lunatic, there has never been another like him. At 19, Train built a dozen trans-oceanic Clipper ships. At 70 he had turned his back on \$30 million to live on \$3 a week and was boxing exhibition matches with a heavyweight champ.

He charged around the globe building monuments to his greatness—the Union Pacific Railroad, cities like Omaha, Denver, Tacoma and Melbourne, Australia. During one of his 15 prison terms he almost caused a war with England. He was seriously considered as Presidential timber by both Republicans and Democrats. A few years later he ran for Dictator of the United States and made a profit on the campaign. But there are only a few of the high-lights. . . .

**T**RAIN'S hell-raising began at the age of four. He was born in Boston on March 24, 1829, but immediately afterward the family moved to New Orleans. In 1833, a dread yellow fever epidemic swept that city, taking his mother and sisters just before the elder Train died, he put his boy on board the schooner *Henry* with a hand-printed tag strung around his neck.

"This is my little son George Francis Train, four years old, consigned to John Clark, Jr., Duck Square, Boston, to be sent to his grandmother Pickering, in Waltham, ten miles from Boston. Take good care of the little fellow as he is the only one left of eleven of us in the house including the servants. I will come as soon as I can arrange my business . . . Oliver Train."

Young George was the pet and ward of the sailors, from whom he absorbed a tremendous amount of unacademic information during the weeks at sea. When they pulled into Boston harbor, he toddled down the gangplank into the arms of grandmother Pickering, who hugged him, crying tearfully, "Oh, my poor dear lamb! What a frightful ordeal the journey must have been to a sensitive child."

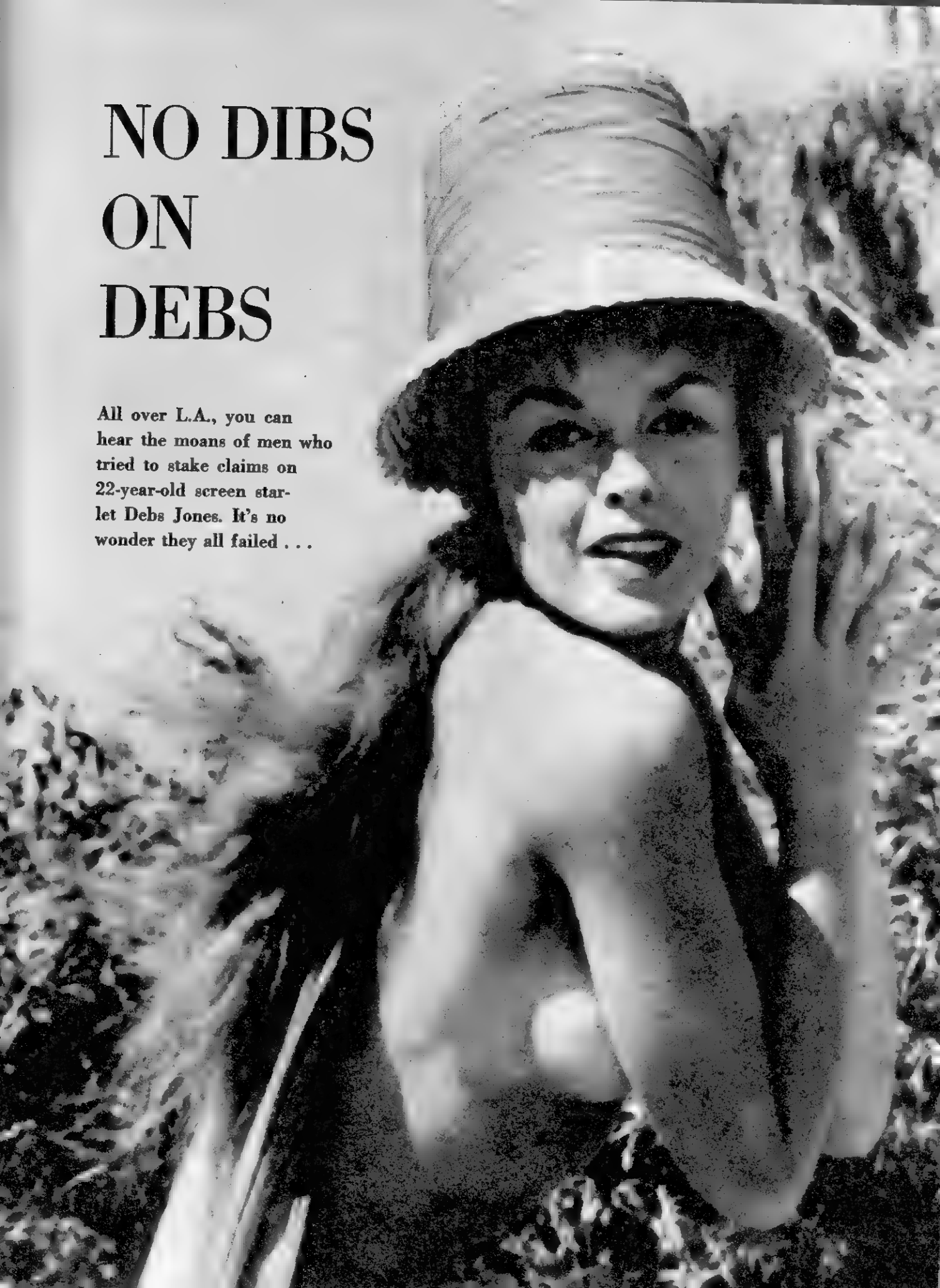
"Frightful, hell!" shrieked George Francis. "It was the goldsandonest most fun I ever had in my whole bittin' life."

The formal education of

(Continued on page 62)

# NO DIBS ON DEBS

All over L.A., you can hear the moans of men who tried to stake claims on 22-year-old screen starlet Debs Jones. It's no wonder they all failed . . .









Fact is that a year's worth of barbell figure-trimming and nimble dancing at Nevada's El Rancho Vegas has inadvertently given Debs two talents for dealing with too-ardent pursuers. She can both outrun 'em and outlug 'em . . .









Here, finally, straight from Debs herself, is what you have to be to win her heart: A long, dark eye-lashed truckdriver who'll rave about her acting and her fluffy omelettes. So help us, that's the type that makes her muscles quiver.



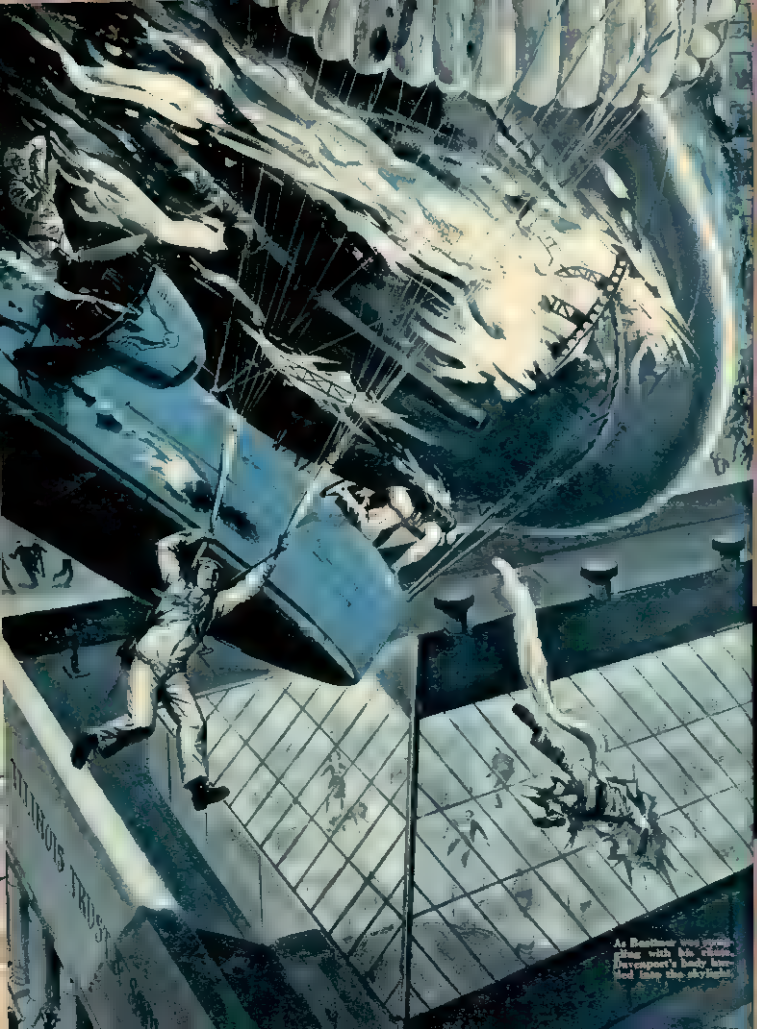












As Beathorn was struggling with his chains, Duvenpost's body burst into the sky.

by MYRON GUBITZ

ART BY MARTIN WARD

A bright Monday morning, July 21st. Just south of Chicago, the White City Amusement Park basked quietly in the summer heat, recovering from a week-end of carousels, wonder-wheels, popcorn and cotton candy.

Only one corner of the park was in use. On a concrete strip in front of a long, flat-roofed building two men were busily inspecting a dirigible. The dirigible generated considerable excitement among a few vacationing school kids. It was a long, cigar-shaped gas bag that suspended two 80-hp La Rhone rotary engines and a passenger car capable of carrying 12 people. On the side of the car was painted the name: *Wingfoot Express*. And on the balloon itself was the name of its owner, then just starting its years of promotion in the sky: The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

John A. Boettner, 27-year-old pilot, was looking over the mooring lines, valves, checking the silk bag for signs of minute holes. As he walked around its 158-foot length, he nearly collided with Henry Wacker, mechanic.

"Looks pretty good to me, Hank."

"Just fine, Jack," Wacker agreed. "Shouldn't be any problem on the trials today. Going to give them their money's worth?"

"Dunno," Boettner shrugged. "Guess we'll just cruise around awhile, let 'em look it over. No fancy stuff. We've got some high muck-a-muck guests coming aboard later on. Wouldn't want to scare 'em."

Wacker grinned. "Okay. I suppose you're right. We'll just take it nice and easy."

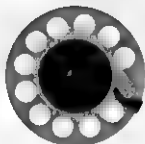
The 40-year-old mechanic strode off, little knowing how inappropriate his phrase "nice and easy" was to sound in retrospect, nor how he himself—in the course of Chicago's worst calamity since the big fire—was to be literally catapulted into everlasting prominence.

Wacker made a last check of the blimp's belly. He'd worked on the *Wingfoot Express* for months at Goodyear's plant in Akron, and she was his baby. Today, he was to see her soar—for the first time—in a three-stage trip over Chicago's cheering thousands.

In a way, the flight was to be Wacker's redemption. He'd begun his working life as a chauffeur for a prominent New York family (Continued on page 68)

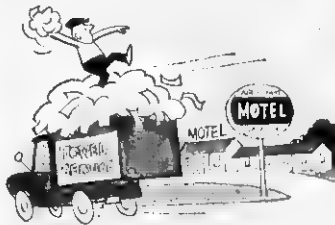
# THE BLIMP THAT BOMBED CHICAGO

"It's the Germans!" the bank teller screamed. Then the blunt-nosed missile hit, wiping out two streets in the Windy City's worst tragedy since the big fire.



## PRIVATE WIRE (continued)

**PAYROLL POOP** If you show gumption working for Bechney, Europe's #1 aluminum mfr., they yank you right off the assembly line and push you through engineering school at full pay. And they're hot for American bodies . . . Team of management brains figured out that ginks just 5'8" with bald noggins stand the best chance of pulling over \$50,000 yearly . . . The sales boys who work for FXs overseas in Alaska, Guam and Italy really have it made—they make 10G and all the nylons they can eat . . . A few of these jobs are still open at presstime . . . You'll have to fight not to get rich selling new U.S. compact cars to Hawaiians—they're outs about them, and cars just fit narrower roads . . . Gen'l Electric pushing the panic button for radar-men to make the Caribbean scene at 9G per annum . . . Study of 1000 guys who got canned for insulting the boss shows that 570 got to be bosses themselves . . . Giant hotel boom means you can get rich running a truck back and forth, feeding 'em clean towels . . . Dutch shipbuilders so hungry for workers they're importing them from Hong



Kong—when they see a Yank, they hand him the keys to the shipyard . . . Switzerland needs 100,000 workers of all kinds right away, will give free lunches, plus gold . . . Other man-hungry European countries offer free dancing, foreign-language lessons . . . Ghana, new African republic, needs skilled workers in all trades, including needlework, to teach green natives the pitch. Pay is modest—from \$75 to \$150 a week—but

you live like a king for pennies. Unless you spend like a drunken sailor, you should take \$3500 home after a year's work . . . Guys who lined up buddies for work in labor-short West Germany floating over \$50-per-man bonus . . . New worker poll shows that stiff on a timeclock log fewer actual working hours than men without clock . . .

**CASING CRIME** Legal eagles nervously watching sudden spurt in "boiler rooms," high-pressure con operations selling stock and bonds to suckers by phone . . . One such



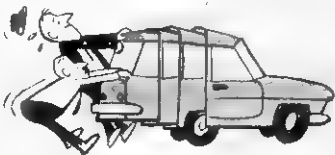
outfit in Long Island has a monthly phone tab of \$4000 . . . Weird crimes run in cycles—up ahead, cops point at a trend toward murder by eyeball stabbing . . . Brooklyn, N.Y., lawmen just busted up a "junior Apalachin" crime school where old, experienced mobsters taught promising youngsters the three I's—Thugery, Theft and Thlaughter . . . Croatian hick town police keep the peace by slugging troublemakers with paper sacks filled with cabbage . . . Biggest Chicago hood never misses "The Untouchables," roots wildly for the good guys, has an autographed photo of Robert Stack, who plays gangbuster Eliot Ness (who once nearly put the boots to same hood) . . . In one obscure Siamese sect,

guys who violently rape teen-age virgins are labeled holy . . . Sheriff of one south-west town handcuffs surly drunks to the bar rail, leaves 'em there all night to think it over . . . Pittsburgh gun salesman accidentally pointed weapon at customer, who instantly admitted he was wanted for rubber check passing . . . In recent N. Y. State survey of the hitchhiker menace, five out of 39 thumb-wavers picked up in a 7-day period were downright dangerous—one had a revolver and one was a fugitive from the giggle house . . . Private eyes, who often snoop for divorce evidence, have the worst marriage record of all professional men . . . Game wardens warn: you go to the clinic if you shoot a bear with a painted backside in some places—these animals are subjects of a special study . . .

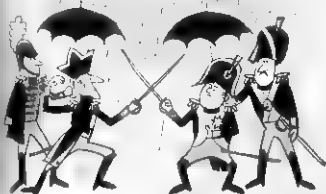
**ASSIGNMENT: MEN-AT-ARMS** A GI from Pascagoula, Miss., arrived in Germany and promptly drew a footlocker once issued to his brother . . . Insiders say Air Force is working on an "automatic suicide device" to prevent repetition of the "embarrassing" survival of the U-2 pilot . . . Kennedy's brain-trusters figure lots of GIs will vote against him because he was too heroic . . . In short, his "feats too big" . . . Military experts say that, pound for pound and bullet for bullet, Congolese soldiers are best fighters in the world . . . English Guards officers carried umbrellas at the Battle of Waterloo . . . During Civil War Centennial year of '61, lots of noncombatants are going to get themselves killed waving horse pistols . . . Navy medics studying a new atom-sub psycho ailment called the "icecap willies" . . . Korean vets who still want a VA mortgage have to hustle their muscle before Feb. 1, 1965, when the door slams shut . . . Biggest shotgun wedding in history happened this August in Mexico City when 600 Mexican GIs

wed their mistresses—inside scoop is the Army brass twisted their arms . . . U.S. Navy air arm looking for guy with small shoulders; they're the only ones who fit inside the single-jet A4D Skyhawks . . . Watch for explosive headlines on Army tanks so poor they'll crumble in battle . . .

**GADGETS WILD** Every grown boy should have a pet cormorant (that's a bird) to catch trout with, as the Japs do . . . For clear-it and fix-it types, there's a neat new machete-saw for just \$3 . . . Salty geeseers will go for a new rigging knife with self-locking marlin-spike at \$3 . . . Coming soon: watches without wheels, each with a tiny radio receiver getting signal from central time station . . . A special car for rough ground that walks on four feet . . . A target rifle with built-in voice box that tells you when you've hit or missed . . . A metal boat that folds up to fit in the trunk of a small sports car . . . Dehydrated



whiskey in pill form . . . Plastic noses that are better than the real thing . . . A winter skin-diving suit with its own heating plant . . . An expandable station wagon that's built on the telescope principle . . . A wrist-size tape recorder . . . For real stereo maniacs: a three-speaker setup that fits in your suit . . . An exercising gizmo that gives your muscles a workout while you sleep . . . A dress that can change to any one of 5 colors at the press of a button . . . A bed that rocks and sings you to sleep, then turns itself off, then sits you up in the morning and hands you a cup of steaming java . . . Coming: spray-on, do-it-yourself drycleaning gunk; it saves you over a buck every time your suit gets dirty . . . Hot new thing with the Cool Mob: Italian Brandy (Sinatra and his Pack pack it away by the jug) . . . Contact lens makers fooling around with new design that makes people with tiny pig eyes look wide-eyed and trustworthy . . . Somebody else is trying to perfect an invisible girdle for girls in bikinis . . . And there's a new spray coming that park-and-petters can use to fog up windows so peepers can't peep . . .





# MAMA GENNA'S SIX LITTLE MONSTERS

Continued from page 21

of prostitution, hollyhocking to their boss about a pink. They had beaten up a weak old dealer who had sold them a million, and when the cops came they beat them up, too.

Calitine had stolen in the night. While he talked, you listened.

"Look," he remarked, "I don't want you debauching the cops. Chubbie the guy I tell you to shakedown, and so on and so on. Understand?"

"All we wanted was our money back," Angelo growled. He was angry and hard on words and the lawyer. He didn't believe in arguments. He believed in hitting you "have it."

"I said take it easy," Calitine hissed. "Pete, as shakedown a character as you will find in any hole of the Black Hand, wanted the law and grabbed (abuse's) out largely in an iron grip. I don't like the way you talk to my brother," he said. "Talk nice or we dump you across plate."

Calitine looked into Pete's eyes and saw murder in them. He looked at the others and realized that they would back Pete up, nothing belongs to a family, boys, in the long run, only to each other. His own way to have shakedown.

"Okay, boys. Let's forget it," Pete returned his hand as Big Jim passed him for all of them.

But Big Jim didn't forget. Policy entrepreneur, wheeler-dealer operator with the right political connections, he had given those boys jobs when they had come from Sicily. Big Jim did most business and collected and what not, but what the hell, you could take just as much.

"Those God damned Genna girls go," he ranted to Turin. "I've taken all I'm gonna take."

Turin was old. He'd turned "What do you suggest?"

"I'd suggest a machine gun. What else?" "No brothers! You might be in for a big headache Jim. Who can he see back around and see what we can do?"

Turin called on his partner, John Gault. Gault agreed with Johnny. "No more murders," he said. "Tell Jim to give 'em the gate if he wants to. Maybe, if they have it work for a living, they'll come up to win their friends are."

Torin, who was a member of an infamous secret society known as the Udrino Soffiana, of which the six Gennas also were members, conferred with its president, Mike Merlo, and Merlo, a born compromiser, sent for the Gennas.

"You fellows are doing all right in Chicago, but you could do better. Why don't you open up a little business for yourselves?" he suggested.

Angelo shrugged. "No dough," he said. In the Society advanced the money and

the Gennas opened a pool room at 600 Taylor Street, which remained open 24 hours a day dispensing beer and whiskey without benefit of license. Moreover also because an under-the-counter room and, as there were four women over the door and the Gennas never neglected an opportunity they soon had four full-blown women working up there.

"You women women! Upstairs—half a back—stay half an hour," was Angelo's pitch to their pool room ladies.

And another profitable sideline developed—buying stolen goods. Small-time burglars needing a quick buck came there, accepting about ten per cent of the value of the pilfered merchandise.

Angelo transacted these deals. Only a few temptations, mounting minutes were required to convince the average crook that this was no bargaining session, though you had a choice of suits—you could take Angelo's offer or take the consequence. Sometimes the consequence was jail and jail, as Ignazio Flammarini discovered.

Flammarini was a heavy fighter and on this he had about \$300 worth of jewelry to sell. A snail, slight fellow, he walked into the Genna shop shortly after midnight and passed, looking around.

As Flammarini passed through the cigarette smoke, he felt something hard pressing into his back.

"Lookin' for somebody?" a voice asked.

"Yeah, Mr. Genna."

"I'm Mike Genna. What d'ya want?"

"I was told to ask for Angelo."

"Who told you?"

"A guy down at Pauline and West Madison—you know, the Casino. I got something I want to sell."

"You're okay, I guess. I like you're cut give" the guy's name Angelo's on the last table.

Angelo was literally on the last table—stretching out on it, almost asleep. Mike shook him. He grunted, rubbed his eyes, swung his feet over the edge. Mike spoke in Italian. Now wide awake, Angelo motioned his customer into the table at the rear. There, in certainty what must be considered to be the acts of pity, he inspected the stolen jewelry.

"How much y' want?" he asked.

"Seventy-five dollars."

"You're nuts. I'll give ya fifteen."

"No good. I gotta get to New Jersey brother's sick."

"Did I catch your brother sick? All you guys get sick another or dyin' kids. But I'll give ya a break Twenty-five. Okay?"

"No." Flammarini took the jewelry and walked out of the back room and through the front door to the street.

Angelo ran for his hat and coat. Pete and Mike followed. "Watch the joint. We won't be long," Angelo said to the pool players.

"Three-hall to the side pocket," said one of the players. He turned to his opponent. "That guy who went out before he lost on his last or he won't be able to walk tomorrow," he remarked.

This proved to be the understatement of the week. At 8 o'clock the battered and strangled body of Ignazio Flammarini was found in a vacant lot on Western Avenue.

Southside around The Casino at Pauline and West Madison reached the east of the police and in no time the, Angelo, Pete and Mike Genna were picked up and charged with murder. But, of course, charging the trio with murder and finding witnesses who could or would give it on three was two different things and their tongues behind bars were loud.

Discharged, they hunted The Casino for weeks, trying to find out "Who does the square down there?" They beat up a man or seven of the inmates but never did learn.

The Genna Angelo, Ben, Mike, Tony, Jim and Pete spawned on the island of Sicily, which also was the lifeplace of the Black Hand, coming of age in an atmosphere of extortion and violence, rugged, bull-headed, iron-fisted, quick with gun or pinpoint (for bombs, too, was a tradition), these men were men faced just the right kind of brave new world for their talents in the lawless, sprawling, sprawling Chicago of the twenties.

In no sense were they "organization men." They could function as a family without friction, but all trust ended there. They never could see the reason for cutting anyone else in. Yet, if their particular brand of rugged individualism had its strength, it also had its weakness.

For example, having observed the possible whereabouts operations of other mobsters the Gennas were no longer content with their four profitless after the past years. So they rented a three-story red brick house in suburban Forest View and staffed it with the drugs of Chicago's streetwalkers.

The place had been in operation since that a couple of days when it was raided by sheriff's men. Pete Genna, on duty, was hauled in and fined \$100.

They were open for business again that night. This time it was Mike who was arrested. They fined him \$500.

If the law was powerless, as were the Gennas. They went right on doing business in that little old three-story house, and one day it was Angelo's turn to get hauled into court.

"I am getting tired of this," the magistrate said, glancing at Angelo, though he certainly wasn't any more tired of it than Angelo was. "You are fined \$200 or six months in the county jail." He then turned to the sheriff. "I want you to station a deputy at that—that place after nobody visits."

Frantically, Angelo turned to the only place he felt he could turn—the next night, the United Nations, and its many goons, Mike Merlo.

"Why is it Calitine can run business and we can't?" he hissed.

Mark knew the volcanic nature of the German. "You boys are going about it the wrong way," he snarled. "You have to arrange these things just up a payroll. You need protection."

"Need protection? What the hell! Anybody bothers us, we dump 'em in the lake."

"No, Angelo, you misunderstand first, you arrange the payroll."

"We let the girls keep half the money," Angelo explained. "We got a per cent clause up every day. He gets paid."

Merlo came right out with it. "I mean a payroll for the police and the politicians."

"The cops? What's a matter? The city don't pay 'em enough? Well, we ain't gonna make up the difference." Angelo's voice rose to a roar. "Screw that!"

And the German joint in Forest View remained closed, but it didn't matter too much because a few months later came the dawn of National Prohibition.

"What kind whiskey you sell?" Angelo would ask the most speechless proprietors then spragging up in Chicago. Whatever the reply, he made it plain that they would have to "use our stuff." Refusal brought black eyes, fractured jaws and wretched bars.

The German got a quick start on the West Side, which included Little Italy. The O'Tennells, following a similar pattern, were spreading out on the South Side. Dion O'Bannion had appropriated the 42nd and 43rd wards on the North Side, and when he hit his peak he was serving 1,430 joints with beer and alky. The remaining territory automatically fell into the hands of the Turco-Capone triumvirate. Then, finally, the lagging Cismeno got into the act and landed on the Turco combine.

But with so many trigger-happy little Capone's having discovered an El Dorado, there was bound to be conflict. Lines were crossed. Assassins occurred. Bare trucks were shot up. Some people just wouldn't join any combine and heading the list were Maria Genna's six little nephews.

This was what Gault and Tarrin had feared. They were essentially organization men. If there was an enemy, it was the Law, and there was no sense in thieves falling out. There was enough loot for everybody in snatching the public.

So Gault called on Mike Merlo to see if, in his capacity as head of the United Sicilians, he couldn't persuade the German to fall into line.

"You know the German," Merlo said. "Very headstrong. Very tough. And very suspicious of anyone except their own flesh and blood." Then he added sheepishly, "I do not think we have a chance as long as Dion O'Bannion successfully defies you."

This made sense to Gault. To keep independents like the German in line, he had to launch O'Bannion off his peg. For more than a week he met with Dion in discussions that got nowhere. Not only did O'Bannion say "no," but he continued knocking off Gault-Turco-Capone trucks while the talks were in progress.

Following good corporate procedure, Gault now called a meeting at Johnny Torrio's headquarters in his Italian-casualty-gambling-joint.

Johnny's lawless office was on the second floor, and here he and Gault, bodyguarded by Al Capone and Frank Nitti, presided before a quorum of the mob. The issues blundered up or down for Dion O'Bannion?

All things were done. By 11 o'clock on the following morning Dion O'Bannion was dead, shot down in his own flower shop. And 24 hours after that the German had joined up in what proved to be an uneasy but extremely profitable truce.

Sponsored by Gault, they took title to a four-story structure at 1022 Taylor Street, which served as a combination warehouse-office. Jim supervised (the office force of 30 people, while Mike, Sara, Pat and Tony directed the alky counters).

Angelo recruited the creditors—and did it in his own inimitable way. Working through the United Sicilians, he brought 400 Sicilians into the United States illegally. They came in groups of 15 or 20 through Cuba to Miami, Florida. The price was \$500 a head, delivered by rail in Chicago.

Businessman brother Jim bought tenement buildings along Taylor, Halstead and Maxwell Streets, as alky manufacturing centers. Most landlords cooperated, but Albert Klein, the owner of one property in the 800 block on Taylor Street, which they had expected to fall into their laps for \$4,500, upped the price to \$10,000 and wouldn't budge.

The German bribed a building inspector to slap 40 phony violations on his property.

Klein was 60, but he hired a lawyer and fought back.

Still working on the fix, Angelo called on his friend Paul Labriola, for 16 years a clerk of the Municipal Court where the case would be heard, offering him \$250.

Labriola refused the bribe, and when Klein was a defendant in court, Angelo began to hurr.

He blamed the court clerk.

In the midst of a March snow storm several evenings later, Labriola was plodding his way through the streets toward home. Head lowered to the biting wind, he didn't see Angelo and Mike Genna in a doorway at West Congress and Halstead Streets and hadn't so much as thought of them until he heard Mike's voice at his elbow.

"What's new, Paul?" Labriola looked around. "Oh, hello, Mike," he said.

Then the voice of Angelo at his other elbow. "What's a matter, you couldn't do us a little favor in court?"

Labriola stepped and looked at them. The expression on their faces frightened him. He explained: "Look, whenever you want a favor there, you don't come to me. You see Tony D'Andrea—you know, the word leader he takes care of such things." "We don't know him. We know you," Mike said with simple, indefinable logic.

"Well, you know his man, Harry Richmond. Take it up with him." Labriola started to move on.

Angelo's seldom angry expression. "Let the son of a bitch leave it," he sneered.

Labriola's panic-stricken gaze darted from one to the other and saw no pity

there. Each had a gun in his hand. The guns moved simultaneously. Labriola spun first one way, then the other, then folded up like a rag doll, falling face down in the snow.

As the German ran toward their car, parked nearby with Nicola Maggio at the wheel, they all but crashed into another acquaintance, Paul Nitti. Nitti had been about to hail them when the murder occurred, and reading the implications and waiting on part of it, he had taken to his heels.

Within 48 hours Angelo and Mike had been arrested for Labriola's murder and this time reflected the inconvenience of spending two whole weeks behind bars before winning their freedom.

Outside again, Angelo asked, "What talked?"

The brothers were united in the opinion that it was either Maggio, the whinesome, or Nitti.

"Honest to God, fellows," Maggio protested. "I didn't open my yep. But I heard."

"Yeah, what did you hear?" Mike said. "Better make it quick," Angelo advised, searching for his gun. "Was it Nitti?"

"No. But Nitti told his cousin, John Cismeno, about it, and Cismeno is supposed to have gone to the police."

"Where is this Cismeno now?"

As soon as Maggio had supplied the address, which was in White Plains, New York, Angelo and Mike shot him down as casually as they would have butchered a lamb, leaving his body on the sidewalk with six bullets in it.

Two days with their alky cooking to go to White Plains themselves, they now dispatched one of their Sicilian imports, Nicholas Augustino, to do the job for them.

Cismeno was shot dead on a White Plains street and nobody would have known who the fleeing stranger was if, upon returning to Chicago, Augustino had not become alarmed by the looks and actions of the German. He began to feel that he was next, and, fearing the German more than justice, finally went to the police with his story.

He was extradited to New York and there convicted of manslaughter, but as his unsupported testimony against the German would have been worthless in court, the two Sicilians went on their bloody way unscathed.

For Paul Nitti was next, and though he screamed his movements, stumbling out at odd hours and dodging through alleys and byways, Mike, Angelo and Tony Genna finally caught up with him, and Angelo's terrifying whoop, "Let 'em have it!" rang out again. Eleven bullets made it conclusive and found the back on what informant could expect from the German.

Meanwhile, the illicit whiskey business was booming and money was pouring in. But the German, all of whom had married nice Italian girls, still lived in the tenement flats they had inhabited in the days of their apprenticeship. On Sundays the wives and children went to church, and at first communion the little girls would be decked out in frilly, starched white dresses, and the little boys in their snappy short pants and carefully pressed jackets. At these affairs, in respect to the church, the two German brothers always

remained at the rear part of the coffin. But during the week, they made a life To get the smoking still going, it was necessary to have a trash can, and the Germans began by using sugar, but that proved too costly and soon they were buying up cartloads of spoiled potatoes.

"Just as good as sugar, but God what a smell!" Sam Capone commented.

If the product called for was Scotch, the mixing man added cocaine, a weak preservative never recommended for human consumption. It is really strong whiskey was demanded, because was asked. A few drops of iodine can poison you, yet Capone products satiated and analyzed by the government contained as much as one and a half ounces to the quart.

As time went on, the trouble from the cooking man brought many complaints. Something had to be done, so the Germans turned to buying denatured alcohol such as was used in cleaning plants. This was supposed to have been rendered unfit for drinking purposes by the addition of oils of pepper and white pepper, tobacco tinctures, sulphuric acid and other chemicals. But one run through the still removed most of these agents and the Germans didn't worry if a little remained.

**T**hrough cigar plying is the only recommended method for stills, the Germans used lead, and of course the lead mixed with the strong spirits. So what if there were some of lead poisoning every day? You had to go sometime. And what the hell, a case of scotch that cost \$6.00 sold to speculation for \$55.00.

By 1924 the Germans were the biggest alcohol manufacturers in Chicago. Their real sales alone was worth \$4,000,000. Gross sales of their horrible booze amounted \$375,000 a month, yielding a profit of \$175,000.

Of course, there were payoffs. The Capone alone took care of 475 cops in their West Side area, while John Guzik passed along protection money to word leaders, aldermen and other local politicians from his plush suite at the Hotel Lexington on 22nd Street.

Yes, the Germans were riding high. They owned several Cadillacs, complete with chauffeurs. After dining in swank restaurants, they often would pick up checks for as many as two hundred patrons, most of whom they never had met. Angelo went to New York on a brief vacation and dropped \$60,000 in a three-day race track spree at Jamaica. Jim went to Florida where he spent \$45,000 in eleven days.

Yet their wives and children never were mix with them in public. The brothers continued to live in their frugal "railroad" flats on Blue Island Avenue. And though they spent \$300 a night on the street, at home they sat in their kitchens in bare feet and the red flannel underclothes they wore winter and summer, eating spaghetti or pasta pie at home and visiting and talking to each other in Italian.

Occasionally remnants of the O'Donovan mob or other minor hoodlums would give the organization some trouble, but the mighty Al Capone, now drawing down \$1,500 a week, soon eliminated them or scared them off. Though this added the Germans indirectly, Capone still didn't like them and made no effort to fraternize with

them. But there were no big upsets.

Then came the unexpected death of natural cause—of Mike Morio, president of the Unione Siciliana, and it set off a powder keg. For it was Morio, not Capone, who had kept the Germans in line, and there was bound to be a bitter struggle about his successor.

Capone promptly announced that he favored Anthony D'Andrea, an ex-convict, for the post. D'Andrea's closest associate was Harry Rainaldi, and one day this Rainaldi found himself surrounded on the street by all six of the Germans.

"You tell D'Andrea we don't want him to run for president of the society," Pete Capone said.

"Tell him yourself," Rainaldi replied. He did a double take when he saw Angelo run toward his pocket and sprang into the nearest public building. Then he went directly to Capone and reported.

"I know I would tangle with them but sooner or later," Al said, but postponed action until he could confer with Guzik and Torrio.

"Al, don't start any shooting over to the West Side," Torrio warned him. "We're making money. Let those crazy Germans play with their society."

Capone grudgingly gave in, but insisted his hand be put on getting out and knocking off all that was left of the old O'Donovan gang, several of whom had unwisely taken some pot shots at him in a restaurant in Chicago.

Suddenly the most important thing in the world to the Germans was the Unione Siciliana. A continual stream of messages were sent to D'Andrea (insisting that he confer with them). He ignored them.

The Germans waylaid Harry Rainaldi, demanding the whereabouts of their flimsy quarry. He refused to tell. He was shot. He was killed and buried and returned for minutes before the end.

The home of another D'Andrea adherent, Joseph Spica, was bombed, injuring five of the family. And when the Germans heard that D'Andrea was addressing several hundred of his followers in a hall on Blue Island Avenue, they dropped a bomb through the skylight, injuring more than 50 spectators.

Escorted by two Capone gun and muscle men, D'Andrea returned to his home to find a black hand note telling him that within 72 hours his house and his family would be blown to bits.

D'Andrea was convinced. First thing in the morning he issued a public statement that he had withdrawn as a candidate for the presidency of the Unione Siciliana, that he was quitting as word leader and leaving Chicago for good.

But it was too late. The Germans had marked him for extinction. Ambushed late at night, his body, with 36 shotgun pellets imbedded to it from head to groin, was found in a gutter.

Al Capone gave him a wonderful funeral. The procession was more than two miles long and there were more cars laden with the most beautiful flowers this side of heaven. The elite of gangland turned out. Among the honorary pall bearers were judges, aldermen and politicians of rank. This was Capone's man who was being buried and everybody on

the payroll wanted to be carried in state.

For a month, Guzik tried to arrange a compromise that would satisfy both Capone and the Germans, but what Capone wanted the Germans would not give. His new choice for president of the society was Sam "Samcocks" Anastasia. They said, "Dear our dead bodies—and yours."

Yet, while all this snarling and threatening was going on, the Germans cooled their ally, Capone, and it, and everybody in the machine counted their blessings in greenbacks.

Of course, neither faction treated the other as far as it could get. Each Capone, heavily armed, trekked with four bodyguards. Capone went around in the company of regular machine-gun squads. And the bickering over the vacant post of president of the Unione Siciliana mounted.

The election could not be delayed any longer. The Germans began giving away \$500 diamond stick-pins to every member promising to support the candidate of their choice—a year unwarmed 504 members turned out and 504 votes were cast for the Capone candidate—none other than respectable Angelo Capone himself.

Sam "Samcocks" Anastasia, Capone's choice, didn't get a single vote.

The victory had sent the Germans a further, however, as they raised the price of cooked alcohol \$2.50 a barrel, and decided, also, to crash the beer end of the bootlegging business. This was tantamount to declaring war on the Capone-Guzik-Torrio combine, but they felt very big now and equal to anything.

Their first move was to buy up every can of legal "near beer," containing only one-half of one per cent alcohol, they could lay their hands on. Jim Capone now introduced what was to become known as "mild beer"—the big tender was instructed to squirt alcohol from an eyedropper into the glass before turning on the tap. With this set-up, they barged in on Capone's customers, forcing them to buy "or else."

Their next move was to take title to a closed brewery in suburban Burnham.

Torrio, Guzik and Capone became increasingly alarmed and angry, but Guzik, the peace-loving paymaster and great conciliator, decided to give reason one more chance. Alone, he called at the Taylor Street headquarters of the Germans to proctor his diplomatic magic.

It was no use. The terrible Germans were beyond reasoning.

After hours of discussion, Guzik left, discouraged but still hoping for a solution.

The Germans didn't wait for any more talk. They struck immediately. That night three Capone breweries were bombed and seven of his trucks drenched with gasoline and set afire. This was war.

**G**uzik said to Capone: "Okay, Al. You've waited a long time to get at the hawks. This is it. Start with Angelo."

Al may not have had too much imagination in the normal pathways of life, but in the ways of the underworld he excelled. Brutality he not only understood but enjoyed. Still, he was too smart to begin with a frontal assault.

His first move was to hideout two of the Capone muscle men—the Avila

brothers. They were brought to the Hotel Hawthorne where they were repeatedly beaten and otherwise tortured until every possible bit of information about the Gennas had been extracted. Then they were compelled to sign a letter stating simply, *We are going over to A's side.* That, of course, reduced them to rats in the Gennas' eyes.

Twenty-four hours later—at nine o'clock in the evening—the Alamo brothers were placed in the middle car of a cavalcade of three and driven to within a few doors of the Canon stronghold on Taylor Street.

The antechamber slowed down. The rear door of the second car was thrown open. "Get out, you sons of bitches," someone said, and the Alido brothers stumbled to the sidewalk. As they broke into a run, a volley of pistol shots from the slowly moving cars brought a dozen Genoa supporters charging from the building, guns drawn. Among them was Angelo himself. He saw the Alidos still running, recognized them, and his eyes filled with hate. "There they are!" he shouted. "Let 'em have it!"

Those were his last words. Somewhere from among the confused medley of gun blasting came the searing, burning bullets that cut him down. He died on the same sidewalk, at almost the same instant as the riddled Aiello brothers.

Good-bye, Angelo!

Again the Uffizio Siciliano was without a president. This time Al Capone had no trouble electing his man, and Sam "Samco" Amatrano moved into office. But not for long. There were still five determined Gennas to reckon with, and Amatrano's tenure lasted only 28 days. Gennahot football put a period to his ambitions, such as they may have been.

From the German headquarters came the announcement, in not too elegant English: "We're going to kill every last one of them rats, Capone and all."

Capone himself had 200 gun-men riding the North Side, which became the principal battleground. Cenna's ally trucks were captured, their contents stolen and the trucks burned. Bombings, pistol shots, blasts from sawed-off shotguns became commonplace.

The Crooner had 150 members armed to the teeth. They invaded North Dakota saloon spots that were being served with Capone beer and whiskey. They bombed scores of places after closing hours. They raided the Hawthorne Hotel, Capone's headquarters, killing two Capone men and making off with a safe full of records. They offered \$50,000 in cash to anyone who would put Capone in a spot where they could kill him.

Torrio himself was gunned down by  
Genna mobsters as he approached his  
home on Clyde Avenue.

Upon recovering, he spent two days in conference with Garzik and Capone in a secret suite of the Congress Hotel. There a deal was worked out, for Torrio, too, had had enough. Garzik and Capone bought his share for \$1,000,000 in cash and another \$500,000 in notes.

There was a measure of prestige in driving the great Torrio out of the rackets, but the Germans couldn't have cared less. They were after Camuso, their mortal

enemy. By this time they had slain 17 Capomo gun men, destroyed 40 beer trucks and totally wrecked 13 automobiles.

Up, up, went the tempo. Up, up, went the murders. But it wasn't all one-sided. In June, 1925, Jira Genna was trapped by four of the cuney and riddled with shotgun pellets. Miraculously, he recovered, though one arm was permanently lost.

In July they got to Tony Genna, dragged him from a West Madison Street joint and stitched 20 machine-gun bullets through his body. He was dead long before the ambulance arrived.

During that hot and murderous summer of 1925, a police car, cruising the Maxwell Avenue arm, turned into South Locust Avenue where it barely missed colliding with a car barreling along at top speed. In it were Mike Genna and three of his hoods. Heavily armed, they were out hunting for Corcoran sister girls.

Two police gave chase and a running gun battle ensued. Officers Olson and Walsh were killed and officer Michael Gortway wounded, but in the exchange a police bullet tore through Mike Gorman's skull, bringing with it the permanent oblivion he had so gratefully bestowed upon others.

With Angelo, Tony and Mike in their graves and Jim crippled, the Genna mob began coming apart at the seams. Realizing that leadership was gone and the will to fight lacking, Capone administered the coup de grace—in this case, the "scorched earth" treatment.

Personally handling 300 things, Al descended on the Gensu's properties in Little Italy, removed stills, tanks, barrels and other supplies and carted them over to Cicero. Then the buildings themselves were given a working over, floors battered, plumbing torn out, windows smashed. Over an area of eight city blocks every Gensu structure was a shambles. Their business liquidated, their means of manufacture destroyed, their holdings dismantling in droves, the surviving Gensus raised a flag of truce.

In return for title to all their property with a book value of \$700,000, each brother was granted \$12,500 in cash and guaranteed safe conduct to New York, where they must sail on the first steamer.

to Italy. And everybody understood that the price of refusal was death.

After several years back in Sicily, Jim Commas died and was buried there. Pete and Sam waited out a strange existence, hidden from time to time by the Sicilian government because of their reputations.

The years dragged. Back in the States prohibition was repealed. Capone went to Alcatraz for ten years on an income tax rap. Racketeering took on a new aspect. Then came World War II, and even while American forces were landing in Sicily, the two lone Crows waited it out.

In 1948 the Italian government, claiming that Sarno and Peto were naturalized American citizens and had no right to permanent residence, shipped them back to the United States.

All the old fire goes, they returned to Chicago. Jake Cash was one of the few important figures of the 20's who was still around, still arranging, fixing, closing up in devious illiteracies.

There no longer was any animosity on either side. Jalil gave them jobs at \$75 a week in Cabaret City bookmaking joints.

Shortly thereafter, Pete was stricken with a heart attack and taken to Columbus Hospital. Until he died, a few weeks later, John paid all the bills.

Only Sam was left now. In his spare time he sat on the front steps of the Blue Island Avenue apartment in which he lived, reminiscing.

He often was asked: "How much money do you think you made and spent in those days?"

"Oh, we lost away maybe eight, nine million dollars."

Sam went out like a light one day in December, 1951, falling dead on the kitchen floor. His funeral was well attended by the descendants, and of course Gunk was there and even "Crying Jim" Dattors, one-time Capone bodyguard, showed up with his wrenth and his kin.

And the world moved on. And even the crimes were forgotten, except as recorded history. If there is to be forgiveness, it must come now from above and beyond.

But how—how in God's name—do you  
 find a mystery for the human?      n n n







## WILD YANK McCUMLEY

Continued from page 27

the hut. They were savage-looking, with features stuck through their earlobes and button lips, but they seemed as frightened as McCumley.

Small hands brought a gourd to his mouth and again he was drinking the mud medicine, this time with eyes on the pleasant, rosy features of a girl. Beyond stood a somewhat taller Indian in a grass cap dyed red.

This was Timapookoo, the village chief, who bowed humbly to McCumley when the grinning Nanjek introduced them. "Drink out this medicine of *gompurara* bark," Nanjek said in Portuguese, "and I'll be able to send them all away."

It was difficult stuff to keep down, but the ripe young woman's presence helped somewhat. She was not naked, but the *band-gee* she wore revealed more than it hid and, fascinated with her, McCumley soon downed the stuff. Nanjek then explained the hut with a few words to the chief.

"What kind?" the Indian laughed, slipping to the south door. "They think you a son of the apaman, the chief's spirit's son. Listen. This is an unpopulated tribe of Urubu. They wandered from Venezuela to Brazil, as I thought. They lived west of the *Guajira* stores, escaping those during the persecution, afraid of the white men's diseases that killed off so many peaceful villages. Only recently they came back to this side of the river—I don't know why, but this is the Urubu side. Anyway, as soon as they heard I was with a white man they drew their bows to kill me on the spot, yelling about disease, epidemic. So I yelled, 'No, not a Brazilian—McCumley is different with hair like this man!' And they said, 'Mikoom! Mikoom!' And mine, 'Mikoom-mine with the sun on his head! No! I! stand in Urubu, as you know, and that was the closest some they could make of your name. And we're alive because of a *Mikoom-mine*, son of the apaman, that's you."

Every two hours someone came with a gourd of irritable *gompurara* bark givens for McCumley to drink. Women old and young, warriors, grandfathers, each came one at a time bringing the medicine, or food, or a child, a mother, perhaps.

They all chattered a great deal while aging the big American in his hammock, but none talked so much as the chief, Timapookoo.

"Soon," he said to Nanjek, who translated for McCumley, "we will go west across the river again for vengeance. We are strong now, our young boys are men, and we will pay back the *Guajira*."

Indy he told of a man-of-war half the

village wiped out by predatory *Guajira* in a surprise attack. He named the men, the women killed, the children, without faltering once, as if it had happened recently instead of 15 years back.

"*Guajira* on one hand with their arrows," he lamented, "Brazilian on the other with their diseases. We occupied the manatee, the syphilis, but not the arrows."

The women's talk was plain gossip. Almost every other word from them was unword, a known Urubu term for knowing. For a week it went on. "Oh, old Rockie by the stream so long for her water—it was Tajé who caught her there," and "Demak phaka manoe while her husband *gompurara* Peretk." The older ones openly flirted with McCumley, lowering their heads and wiggling their hips. All of them laughed provocatively. If not for his fever and the medicine he was realising McCumley might have taken advantage of the obvious offer of their sleek bodies. But the liquid sickened his gut. Also, the men were conducting *Patank* demonstrations outside, a strange ritual that preceded a battle war they were to have in the woods. They were going to demonstrate what they would do to their real enemies when they got the chance. The noise was deafening.

Then, after that first week, while McCumley was on his feet again, Nanjek, with a huge grin, let him know that the medicinal base for the *gompurara* bark was human urine.

But he was well, and with none of the fear that Nanjek continued to suffer despite the apparent gentleness and childish curiosity of these people.

Something may amuse them one day," Nanjek warned, "and you'll see how childish they are."

He kept the rifle nearby at all times, even while translating for the Urubu. McCumley's answers to questions about the outside world.

One day in the second week, while Timapookoo was receiving the warriors for another mock battle, the young wife Peretk had Nanjek translate a question for her. With childish innocence she asked if a son of the apaman was like other men under his clothes. Tim embarrassed to give McCumley's answer, Nanjek went outside the hut, into the ritualists' shouts denouncing anger. "Men-hut! Men-hut!"

From the doorway McCumley looked out at men painted in red streaks of urugu juice across their faces and chests.

Women hung back beyond the circle of warriors who were shaking fists of urugu and stamping the ground. The women had stumped buttocks and breasts and

buttocks of every shape. It was evident that love-making was a casual pastime among these jungle dwellers. Arguments had occurred over jealousy, but the patient sort of jealousy, more forgotten. McCumley turned back inside to face the slender, bright-eyed young Peretk. In the shadows he stepped out of his shorts, and saw her grin turn to wonder.

The touch was that the single concession to modesty in the Urubu male was a string that tied up the unlithic point of his anatomy and over his mothering years caused a degree of atrophy. Now Peretk gazed in wonder at the opposite phenomenon in McCumley. She darted past him toward the doorway, but whirled with a visible tremor as a veneer of sweat glistened on her face. Then she went inside and sat down in a corner, mothering, watching him approach, exclaiming assure at each step he took.

Peretk was lingering on the ground when, in his shorts again, McCumley crossed through the village. Women not meeting him on huge oval stones, as gazing before him. He saw one come dragging a young boy and girl out of the jungle, yelling words not to observe for him by now. Scornful was one of them, and her lament was that now Nchua would grow up this for not waiting until after her puberty rite.

He reached the jungle stream wondering if he had broken any particular taboo. Entertaining Peretk during a village mock war, and then burst out laughing at the sight of Nanjek being thrown to the ground by a woman twice his age until the squealing giggles of them both.

**D**OWNTOWN he had had and swim, diving deep. He was floating, almost, during off that way when a splashy sound reached him and a cool body shumped into him. It was Peretk again, but she was not alone. Trisina, her younger sister was there, giggling and smooching every bit the 16-year-old she was instinctively he reached out for the girl and caught a leg, but she splashed away, eluding him like an eel while Peretk leaped up on his back, smogging him, jabbering, "Come, San-hu, come, big-man, enough water. The *patank* will and soon. Come."

The girl was reverent, it seemed—but who had she brought the sister? He went racing with long strides after Trisina, and caught her too because she put up a fight almost as real as the one her father and brothers and lovers were having above in the jungle. Peretk landed on him again and he made for the shore carrying both sisters. At that point, someone shrieked high over the war cries at the distant moon.

It was Nanjek's woman, standing there naked with the city Indian and sobbing now, in the plain form of a mother, shaking a list at two painted warriors with drawn bows and arrows pointing down at McCumley.

"You bad Kewpu, you had Fancek!" she bawled, at a distance of about 10 yards from them. McCumley let both girls phage back into the stream. Kewpu was Peretk's husband, and Fancek was his brother. And of all women, that was their mother scolding.

"Do you want more in all our mouths?"

Would you kill our grandfather and give us arms?

Remember, grandfather—it was a term of honor, but plainly McCumley's stalled position was not enough against sudden rage. As the young men absolutely howled their weapons McCumley strode toward them, Napek muttering a warning in Portuguese that he stop before making a mistake. But he went right on, calling out, "I will show you weapons, weapons of the men, my father's god."

The pair began to shriek back to panic. McCumley hoped after them over guarded old mangrove trunks in a leap he brought them both down, and there on the bed of tangled foliage they became snore again, snoring hands darting at his throat. But he looked out, one foot and then the other, until both lay unconscious.

McCumley rose to face warriors gathered by the dozen. For a moment they looked him up and down soberly. Then men came close and took hold of his hands, turned them over and marvelled at them. "Weapons," one said. "Ye id, a word in—"

Napek was nowhere in the gathering crowd, but McCumley was doing fairly well for himself with the language. "Go," he commanded, "let us have my peace." Obedience was prompt.

Below he found the statue Pervek had not a trace of the fear he expected due to her husband coming upon the little idol. It was Tritina who was full of apprehension.

Pervek kept saying, "Come, I will show you, Tritina." And so in the jungle afternoon Al McCumley was introduced by Pervek to six more of her sisters in a most unsexily active way. Their unions lasted until dusk. Finally, Tritina was convinced, by weight of numbers, that nothing would happen to her.

From that day on all married every village woman was more than ever eager to visit the son of the ogreman.

When Rankin told her she often had to watch at her husband when she yawned, she watched at McCumley to show exactly what she meant, causing him to sit bolt upright in his hammock.

When Nbeita said, "Tunkatek tried to sneak me under the bacuri tree and give us all stomach-ache," she climbed right into the hammock and got under him to show how she fought her brother-in-law off.

Sometimes these visits took place while Napek was off to the river in hopes of finding the boat and Carago, and frequently at three times, as the weeks rolled away, McCumley let the story-telling and the charades turn into reality and sent women home with all their curiosity satisfied.

In that time last visitors to the Uruin took to hunting with the men to break the monotony, and joined in the festivities when a new baby was christened Uruin fashion or when a couple was married in Timangoocho (whose name meant long-legs, actually). There were always bestests. The beer was made of fermented banana or cashew-apple or manioc and called *hou-4*, literally *crumb water* and there was much drunken singing through the night, much *ou-ou* human story-telling, and even displays of bullfighting.

Yet McCumley's presence altered the nature of *hou-4* bullfighting one night. That day McCumley had been cowering to the stream with Rankin, a caper that ended in the capture, the jungle-lounging grove. Rankin's mother-in-law Minnieville came upon them at a bad time and scolded her for such activity on the day of her infant's name-giving ritual. As the young mother fled Minnieville kept McCumley from following. "Stay, father, no need for you to chase after her. Stay, I wish to teach you the making of a jungle hammock. What do you know of a jungle hammock?"

"I know nothing of such a thing," "Aha! I knew, I knew. Take this hanging vine, take that one. Now, I take three, one in each hand. And now . . ."

She was a partly woman well into her forties, but firm. He had such austerities with young girls full of curiosity and climbed slopes with women who still had secrets to learn, and now this agile and wiry grandmother had much to teach him of jungle love, chattering meanwhile and giggling, giggling with the robustness of a girl.

But that night at the name-giving feast her son Budek, full of *hou-4*, rose with a machete to demonstrate how he would treat the Gajaja once the tribe crossed west again over the Corapi.

"So I will strike," he roared, and swung the machete in a savage arc over the heads of seated couples.

"So, and so!" he roared, chopping at the air, coming ever closer to where McCumley stood against a *hou-ou*-post. His intent was becoming all too clear, and the one doubt was whether his rage related to his wife Rankin or to his mother Minnieville—each had probably carried a tale to him about the other. "So to the robber Gajaja!" he shrieked, and took a murderous swipe unmistakably at McCumley who ducked fast as women shouted warnings of all sorts of disasters that might occur should a warrior kill *Mhou-mou*.

Timangoocho yelled, "Those, that one—do you want to kill my spirit's son before we—"

But a roar from Budek cut through the chief's words and again he slashed at McCumley, who danced back. Other men began to rise.

"Men!" Timangoocho shouted. "He must lead us west across the river to our enemies!"

Rising voices drowned him out. A chief is by tradition little more than the village councilor among the Uruin, whose society is actually the closest thing to true democracy. As advisor Timangoocho could increase his triumph, but placating there was another matter entirely. His voice was a garble and louder voices, and several machetes flashed in light from the floor-pas. For all the stored-up jealousy seemed unaccounted now as men closed in on McCumley.

"The *hou-4* spirit attacks me," he called out. "Gajaja gods speak from my children's mouths!"

With that he lurched forth and caught Budek a blow to the gut, ducking low to avoid machetes that swung to meet his rush. He ducked and he danced, using his feet in swift motion that men soon that

on their backs, and shouting, "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! I choose my children of Gajaja spirit!"

"Choose them! Choose them!" women shrieked as he tapped one man out after another. "Oh, papa, oh papa, choose them!"

They called him father and they called him grandfather, titles of esteem, and soon the men were choosing too with busy grim, doing their own and sister one better by calling him *gand* *remou-ou*, or *fordfather*, and as the bullfighting came to a close more peace returned—swiftly Uruin fashion.

Then day came, and more days, and life itself was *gou-ou*. The people were clever, bathing frequently, and honest except in only the most inconsequential matters—such as love-making itself, in which the only taboos were realistic rather than moralistic and the penalty for infractions was rarely severe. Men stomach-ache for love under the bacuri tree, for instance, or sometimes in indignity for a girl who smooched before her official puberty rite.

At the end of the second month, Napek returned one morning from the river shouting in such excitement that the lazy village men began to yodel and snarl. "The boat!" he bellowed. "The boat! McCumley, it comes downriver at last! Carago didn't forget us!"

The whole village was electrified. Women as well as men went racing from tent to tent with the news, then ran with McCumley and Napek into the jungle paths toward the river, barking a *hou-ou* *hou-ou* *hou-ou* that McCumley knew as nothing more than a ritual incantation though it would have seemed a strange speechless.

Through the swamp trees they yanked, "Hoo-hoo! The boat come, the boat come, make us rich—hou-ou—to take from us our timangoocho, our jungle spirit where hair is the sea—hou-ou!"

From beyond the swamp trees, in the break beyond the mangroves, came César Carago up from the river in a glimmering gilt, eyes narrowed, rifle at the ready. "McCumley, have you gone mad? Hold those savages back! Back, I say!"

The Tupa boys came behind him but ever so slowly, while manhandling César



"One fine day, my son—able but will be yours."

can stayed with his boat Nanjek was yelling as loud as the Urubu all along the slope, and McCumley cried out, "Carago, put down that rifle, you damn fool!"

But he went unheeded, either because of the noise or because of Carago's natural hysteria. The Brazilian fired a shot, among it high merely to frighten the Urubu into submission, but the next instant dozens of arrows whirled—taboca, bamboo-headed arrows used for agneti and other small game and not a taboca, or iron-head, war arrow, among them.

A sweep of arrows struck Carago down. One of the Tupi boys had a shaft in the leg as they tumbled into the boat Nanjek, running with rifle high, faltered before the inert Carago but as the boat spluttered and started off he raced on toward it roaring, "Wait! Wait for us! Wait for us!"

Sending one of the Tupi to the motor, Francisco raised a rifle. McCumley followed a command that sent all the Urubu flat on their bellies. The rifle cracked, again and again through the resounding jungle din. Running, McCumley fell flat alongside the body of Carago. At least ten shafts protruded from Carago's body, one of them stuck deep in the gory pudenda that had been his left eye.

**T**HE boat vanished beyond overhanging trees. On the bench up ahead lay Nanjek, his body twisted awkwardly, staring sightlessly at the broiling sun. He was dead when McCumley reached him.

He used his mourning over Nanjek as an excuse not to eat Carago. There was no question of eating Nanjek even though, as Timapookou put it, "he is fatter than the karai." No, they would not eat Nanjek. "One does not eat his brother," the chief said when he had joined McCumley at the village edge, far from the stench of roasted flesh.

"The karai eat their brothers," McCumley said.

"Can that be true? Did you not say the whites eat no human flesh?"

"In other ways they eat their brothers." His Urubu was silent now, he no longer needed Nanjek to assist him. "In ways of the spirit the karai eat their brothers."

He knew the story. Francisco would carry in Carandé and Viseu. The Yanqui Al McCumley had become chief of a savage Urubu village. All but naked himself, he led a blond-thin pack against the boat, he commanded his savages to kill César Carago out of bitterness and revenge, for Carago's bungling had almost cost the American his life when bitten by a maracua snake. How else could it have looked from the boat? What else could have caused Francisco to fire at Nanjek? It was well known that the Brazilian government's policy was never to pursue retribution against tribal Indians who killed a white man. But it would be different with a white man who led savages to murder.

McCumley now knew he had to leave the Urubu before he was found among them. But how? They worshipped him and wouldn't let him go.

That night he went uphill to the runners to "procure his predicament." First he told Timapookou he must sit a

week among the yellow fruit to replenish the sun in his hair and its wisdom in his brain.

He requested a handmaiden to tend his needs, a *tenatohor mambok*, or work relation. That *mambok* also meant maid made the matter that much more convenient, and he chose young Trinja for the first day. She cooked the game he shot, and picked fruits, made the *shibi*, and the bean-to-beneath which they slept. When her day's tour ended he named Nbisita her successor. Each twilight for a week he sent one female down to send up another—Tana to loll with lazily, Peretiki to splash with in the stream, Sorokoka for her endless hearty appetites, Rumbaita for her endless curiosity, and even her mother-in-law to make that wild jungle-hamoc.

At the end of the week he left his *ibahi* shorts on the hill and marched into the village as if out of the rising sun, wearing no more than *nhambu* feathers in a neck collar. Trinja had made him. In each hand he carried a *nhambu* bird, having found them nesting in the rapuvis at dawn. Awe'd, the village women began following him, the men, with quiet murmurs. See, the sun has freed *Mo-kor-mimi* of karai clothes! See, the *nhambu* have flown into his hand! *Ya té, go to get, a word indeed! See him, is he not a great behemoth? Mai té, what a wonder!*

At the hut of Timapookou he handed the birds to Trinja, saying, "Touat these *nhambu*." And McCumley convinced the chief that it was time to cross the river west.

Meats were laid up from the hunt and packed in river clay. *Mambok* flour was stored in gourd bowls. Then all the provisions were loaded in *peru*, carrying-sacks made of woven palm.

At the Gurupi great trees were felled with machetes to bridge the wide water-course, and within four weeks the journey ended deep in the westward jungle—far from the Urubu ground where the authorities were likely to search for McCumley.

There were good jungle orchards, and fresh running streams, so machetes hacked out a clearing and fire completed the task of making ground for village and plantation. Each day men and women alike left the camp-site to work up the new village, leaving behind only the aged to keep the cook-fires going and to care for the children. One day the returning workers, including McCumley, learned of a theft, a serious one. Four large *peru* of provisions were gone. Timapookou sent his best trackers out to search for footprints, and it was his nephew *Piru* who found them. They were human footprints. The Urubu were beside themselves with joy.

"Gusaja!" they barked, going into the puffcock dance of anger. "Gusaja! Gusaja!"

No long without war, the Urubu had never replaced their tribal war-chief and rival executioner, who had died three years back. The *mambok* cap must go to McCumley. Timapookou insisted, for had he not led them to their enemies after so many years without a decent war?

Hunters killed the maracua, a small jaguar, and when the cap was made Mu-

Cumley wore it without a serious thought to war.

The village was built and running, *mambok* was sprouting in the adjacent rapu, and still no word of Gusaja came from the scouts. Men made jokes about McCumley's lonely walks to the jungle streams—"He carries his rifle in case of jaguar or Gusaja, but it is our woman he is after."

McCumley was the prince in a love-crazy jungle.

Then all at once came the most dangerous hunt, the big one. Men with bamboo spears followed Timapookou to McCumley's hut just after the noon meal one day. "Come, *tanhou*," the chief said, "put on your maracua cap. We have found the Gusaja camp."

He could make no plan against war and murder. The Urubu had their own standards of right and wrong, and now he was face to face with the fact that he was one of them. He wore *rigana* feathers now in a collar of jaguar teeth. Feathers were tied to the calf of each leg, and women he knew as well painted his face and chest with stripes of black *gusajapou* and red *urucu*. At Timapookou's insistence he carried a spear instead of his rifle, and off he went behind the scouts with the chief and the warriors following him and all the women chanting an optimistic farewell, even crying after them, "Bring back wives, oh many wives!"

The battle was not essentially different from Guadalcanal and other WW II jungle skirmishes. McCumley had lived through. Near the Gusaja camp he deployed the Urubu in small squads of six each and set up an encirclement.

**G**USAJA women screamed as warriors rushed the wall-less huts where women dozed in their hammocks, men who then hunched sideways for bows and arrows they never reached. Urubu arrows sang in deadly flight and long spears whirled and some Gusaja wielded spears of their own as their women fled wailing into the jungle.

The Urubu threw women down in splashes of sun and greenery. Others kept thrusting spears at those Gusaja that remained. McCumley caught a Gusaja girl in mid-air as she leaped screaming to escape other hands. Bleeding Gusaja yelled words unintelligible to him and the man who tried to rescue McCumley's prize caught the *tanhou's* spear in his chest.

Thirteen women of the Gusaja were rationed out as second wives—servants, really—to the bravest Urubu warriors. The Gusaja were somewhat lighter-skinned, with noses less fleshy than the Urubu, and it was no surprise to McCumley that the captive women were led a constant chase by the village youth.

McCumley's own prize, a girl around 20 named *Fupa*, wept and kicked at him the first night, and thereafter acted rebellious only through the day, quieting down and watching his every move with eager eyes the moment he took her inside for the night.

*Fupa's* rebellious nature, after a couple of weeks, flared up only when he returned from a meeting with Trinja or Sorokoka or some other Urubu belle. "I will kill

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you as you sleep!" she screamed one day, her cheeks wet, her hair in disarray. Another time a boy came running to babble word that Fupa was drowning herself in the stream, and when McCumley hauled her out she wailed, "Oh I must die! I must die to escape you!"

So he comforted her tenderly in green jungle shadows, and promised never to leave her side for another woman. There in the Brazilian jungle McCumley found himself burdened with a jealous wife. But he did not mind it. He liked it. He therefore made such Urubu woman he met in the jungle promise on a ritual oath to keep the meeting secret.

Months tumbled over each other into the rainy season that began in December.

It was after the rains, when the jungle noises changed from the wail of downpours into the screech of birds and howlers, that he began to have dreams of city life. Nights were filled with visions of bustling metropolitan streets, electric lights blinking, and women with lipstick instead of gempapo-traced breasts.

But time in the jungle was a lazy crawler that made McCumley lazy too. The months passed by. There were hunts, a raid to September by Gungaja that was easily driven off, a Urubu counterattack and bloodshed two weeks later, and the eternal passage of love, the eternal stories in this but and that one, the crazy-water ritual feasts, births, marriages, burials. And never the sign of an approach by agents seeking a surrender.

One day McCumley took Fupa to the campsite. There he shot four apouti.

When the apouti skins were dried out

he set her to work sewing his rabbit-skin cloak. When it was ready, he put it on.

In this cloak he descended from the orchard with Fupa weeping uncontrollably. Man, woman, and child, the Urubus set up a mournful wail at Fupa's news that the earthly life of Mikoor-mimi had been called to an end by Mair.

"Now your weeping will stop," he assured Fupa. "Now you are wife to the Urubu chief. Now I take Timapokino inside, and there my spirit will pass into him. When we come out I will be the walking dead."

A hush fell over the Urubu. McCumley kissed Fupa, then took Timapokino into his hut.

ONLY six men accompanied him to the river. They built him a stout bark canoe out of bark and vine, and silently departed from this silent ghost of Mikoor-mimi. He paddled downriver alone—Al McCumley, a white man once again, armed with a rifle and dressed in a rabbit-skin cloak, headed back to civilization—no jail, no doubt, and months of legal arguments in his own defense.

For two days he skirted rapids, living on tapir bark and a store of fruits, and then Jacarac showed itself in a nest of crisscrossing boats on the river bank. Dark caboclo paddlers welcomed him with huge arcs from the boats, pacified Indian women in knee-length skirts smiled from the pier where loading for a downriver journey was progressing in a flurry of shouts and lazy movement. The boat—half-raft, half-canoe. By instinct McCumley started to paddle past with haste, but

then he swung around and hove to the pier.

Then, turning away from the preening loaders, he saw the killer of Nanjek, and at the same time Francisco saw him, and broke into a sud run.

"Stop! Francisco, stop!" The boatman stopped, stiffening as though he expected a bullet in the back. "I didn't mean to kill Nanjek!" These were his first words when McCumley reached him. "You believe that, don't you? I thought he was one of those savages; I thought all of them were chasing you. Only when the Tupi boys explained what happened—listen, how was I to figure out that Celso caused it all, that the Urubu meant no harm with that infernal screaming of theirs? Don't you understand?"

"Sure," McCumley said with a long sigh, half of relief, half of a frustrated sort of agony over Nanjek.

"Mas, will the company be surprised to see you? I... I had to tell them the Urubu did you in as they did Celso and... and Nanjek. I had to say that. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure. I understand, Francisco." Whether he understood or not, however, is open to speculation. McCumley returned to the States in August, 1953, after five more years of exploratory work, during which time he made no more mention of the Urubu. When he granted the interview on which this account is based, he refused either to condemn or condone Francisco's act.

"A man does strange things in the jungle," was all he would say. • • •



## THE TURNCOAT COMMANDO WHO SUCKERED THE JAP ARMY

Continued from page 19

on the messenger?" She sounded amazed.

Denny stared at her uncertainly, now her eyes flicked to the bronze Buddha. He had no idea of what she was talking about.

A Japanese captain and 11 cold-eyed riflemen of the Imperial Army brought his answer. They tramped into the jungle community at two o'clock the morning of February 28th and marched directly to the husband's hut. John Denny saw the terrified Burmese "mayer" crouch under the Nipponese officer's abrupt slap at the feet, a stinging blow that sent a tiny trickle of blood oozing from the husband's mouth. The captain pulled his gloved fist back for a second smash, stopped. He passed at the bronze Buddha to the Burmese's hand.

Denny Denny could protest that it had been stolen from him, the Japanese heaped a staircase command and a ring of bayonets clung instantly around the lone commando. There was no further conversation. Denny was herded down the trail less silent, hustled into a truck and driven off to a large Imperial Army post three hours away.

"Here comes the tortoise squad," the young rider thought as the guards led him into a big building.

"We are surprised to see you, friend," the bull-necked Japanese captain announced in accents that reflected years in Los Angeles, "because we never figured on a Lincay. But you brought the Buddha, so you're our man."

Denny thought fast, realized that the statue must be either an identity card or a communications tool for the enemy intelligence. He decided to play a long-shot hunch. He'd pretend that he was one of their spies.

"I'm not English. I'm Russian," he bluffed boldly. "My name's Maurice Denny. My father was French, my mother Kashmiri. I hate those stinking Lincays."

"Why?" the captain probed suspiciously.

"They treat us Russians like dirt. I only joined their lousy medical corps so I could reach the front lines to deliver the Buddha."

The captain turned to the heavy colonial who sat impassively, and translated the exchange into Japanese. The senior officer asked a question, shrugged at the answer. Johnny Denny prayed. He was dark-skinned, fair as Englishmen, spoke good French and had no inkling of such as his uniform. General Wingate had insisted on that for all his reasons.

The American-father captain hurried Denny with more questions for an hour before guards took him out to a small cottage and fed him.

With the Buddha, he was there the

next day down the level valley to an enormous villa outside Rangoon.

The villa was apparently HQ for Jap intelligence. The sentries were Indian but carried British Lee-Enfield rifles that looked odd next to their Japanese uniforms. When he was shown to his room and served a good meal, Denny decided that the enemy still believed his tall story. Now he had to continue the bluff.

He was questioned again for an hour the next morning by two Indian and two Japanese intelligence majors. They went over his fantastic tale three times before the larger of the Indians, a heavy Sikh with horn-stained glasses, nodded his satisfaction.

"I didn't believe you at first," he told Denny, "but now it's clear that you are what you claim to be. Good, let's examine the information."

He uncovered the head of the Buddha and shook out a tightly rolled tin drum. "This is the headquarters of the espionage service of the Indian National Army, and the Free India Government is grateful to you, Denny, the 31st commando."

Now it made sense. The statistic contained military information that this gang of pro-Japanese collaborationists would immediately turn over to the Imperial Army. Denny had bought it to them, probably endangering the lives of his comrades in Wingate's Long Range Penetration Force. He'd been a prize sucker while he thought he'd been outsmarting them, and he felt the cutting his throat.

"Since you say that you were given the Buddha at Dinaipur and because you've proved so reliable, we're making you a captain in the Indian National Army and offering you a chance to strike a major blow against the arrogant British whom we all despise," the other Indian commando announced cheerfully.

Denny stared at him, trying to conceal his amazement.

"I see you wonder why. A task force of Japanese soldiers and men of the Indian National Army soon marches through the British lines to cut the railroad near there. That will sever the supply line to General Chennel's U. S. 14th Air Force and chop the route to Stilwell's ambitious Yawank," one of the Nipponese majors explained.

"A magnificent plan, but how can I help?"

"Captain Chennel, you will guide us to Dinaipur."

Five minutes later, Lieutenant John Denny of the Royal Engineers sat on his bed and wondered whether it was all some crazy nightmare. Instead of fighting in the jungle with Wingate's specially Chindits,

he was in an enemy spy nest in a lonely house in Rangoon. He had the rank of captain in an army of scoundrels, and he was under orders to lead an attack on U.S. and British forces if he stalled or failed, the suspicious Japanese would show no mercy if he succeeded, thousands of Allied soldiers would be either cut off or massacred.

It was an impossible situation.

Denny decided to play it by ear, hoping something might turn up on the march to Dinaipur. He was given a Japanese uniform, and introduced to Major the Tagachaki of the Imperial Army and Lieutenant Colonel Singh, C.O. of the 380 I.N.A. troops who were to go on the raid. Tagachaki's Nipponese face wore number 128. Denny was to head the entire expedition.

A warm hint, a deplorable treatment. John Denny was on a troop train with 500 enemy soldiers chugging north along the banks of the level valley. He was listening to a fat I.N.A. captain boast how the unworkable Japanese flow had driven the R.A.F. from the sky when he heard another boast that he recognized immediately. It was the dream of British Doughboys, some two miles up ahead and about to dive to for the kill.

The train jerked to a halt. A squad of Nipponese anti-aircraft gunners stared to their 30 mm-cannon mounds on top of a flat-car, and, to maintain appearance, Denny was forced to pace with them. There, behind the triggers of a machinegun, he gazed helplessly at his own Air Force sweeping down on him. Whether the Doughboys recognized him as a Britisher or whether he was just lucky he never feared out. As he pumped steps in far off-target as he could without causing suspicion, the Doughboys methodically strafed the train-cutting down a half-dozen Japs within roasting distance of Denny—then blasted the engine and moved across the river to work over another train on the other side. Japs who fled from their flat cars for what they thought was the safety of the river were halloped in their backs before they could duck their heads below the surface.

Now there was no more troop train to carry the survivors on. They had to plod ahead on foot. Denny felt frightfully alone until they reached Mawpaw, where they camped near the Chindwin River. There he found he had an ally. It was a veteran Sikh jawan named Gurkash Singh, a gray-haired ex-sergeant major in the British Army. Captured when the Punjab Regiment was overrun at Singapore, he'd joined the I.N.A. to avoid starvation in a prison camp.

"These Nippon men treat my comrades like cowards, fakhs," the N.C.O. complained openly to Denny that night when they stood alone by the fire, "and I need your help."

It might be a trap. Denny couldn't take any chances.

He said nothing.

"I saw your face when the planes attacked the train back in the river, and I know you are a British officer," the jawan announced softly.

"That's still—" Denny blurted.

"I have said nothing to the Nippon, and I will keep my silence," the old

soldier promised, in tones of sincerity. Denny looked at him, hesitated, decided.

"You're right, *Jemadar*," he confessed. "I'll try to help you when the time comes. Are your men with us?"

"Not all, but I can count on 80 loyal rifles who served the King," the bearded N.C.O. answered firmly.

Then he saluted crisply and marched back to his unit with a broad grin. Denny still had no plan, but now he had a little private army to back him when he was ready to make his move. The task force embarked on river boats the next morning, headed up the Chindwin to Kalewa, where the young demolition expert heard that the Nipponese had trapped 200,000 British and Indian troops in the plains of Imphal to the north.

The task force bivouacked that night in a village set off by the Japs as a supply station. As he walked around the enemy camp restlessly, the undercover commando decided that it was about time to hurt the Japanese himself. He strolled casually, using the protection of his Nipponese uniform to find a juicy target for his trained demolition talents. He noted carefully where the sentries patrolled and searched for the supply depot.

He saw six large rice *bashas* fenced off from the remaining village huts. The food in those huts was as important as ammunition to the task force, and the bamboo shelters were dry as tinder. The answer was fire. He had a lighter and a bottle of inflammable fluid, but no idea how to set the *bashas* ablaze without being gunned down by the guards.

Then he tripped over something. It was a small wire mesh trap. Inside glared a big jungle rat. Denny had seen a dozen of these traps near the six food huts, and they hadn't surprised him a bit. It was logical that the rats should go for the rice.

He got a wild idea—a Rube Goldberg scheme that might work. It was just fantastic enough to be worth a try. He collected some pieces of string, tied them together into a single length 20 feet long. He attached a short bit of wire to one end, and hooked the metal into a rolled up handkerchief. Straining hard to see in the night, he poured all the lighter fluid over the ball of cloth.

He carried the cage over to a small hole in the fence, where he framed the opening with a slip noose. Through a chink in the barrier, he watched the sentry tramp closer and closer. He crouched low, listening to the rifleman only a few feet away. After a few minutes, he heard the footsteps receding. The guard was heading for the other end of his beat.

Denny opened the trap.

The rat flew out, driven through the hole with the noose around his neck. The saboteur ignited the inflammable handkerchief. He waited until the string tightened and the ball of fire vanished under the fence. Then he walked back swiftly to the tent where he knew some I.N.A. officers were drinking, hoping that he'd get there before the alarm was sounded so they'd be alibi.

He entered and joined the party. He looked at his watch. The minutes ticked

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away until he decided that the rest had failed him. Suddenly the night echoed to shouts and clanging of the fire going. Denny and the others rushed out to face a large beautiful blaze. Two of the houses were already half-destroyed. Sparks were coming on the other two huts, and Denny barely fought down a triumphant grin as he watched the roofs erupt into flames. Thousands of pounds of Japanese Army food were ruined.

The official investigation the next morning failed to produce the culprit responsible, so the Japanese went ahead with more realistic tanks, such as issuing additional weapons. Johnny Denny, who'd been without a gun and a little worried about this makeshift, drew a long-barreled nine-millimeter automatic with 30 rounds.

"We march in the morning, Denny," one of the heavily L.N.A. officers announced after lunch, "so tonight we'll be having visitors."

"Who's coming?" the subaltern asked warily.

"Two comfort platoons!" Denny had heard that the Japanese Army had a well organized system for supplying the soldiers' sexual needs, but he'd never seen the "comfort platoons" in action. At half past seven that evening, he got his first look as two truckloads of laughing whores rolled into camp. It was quite an eyeful.

The prostitutes jumped out and immediately began calling out obscene invitations to the pop-eyed soldiers, fondling themselves erotically and even raising their skirts to their navels to show the eager customers that they were nothing underneath.

Those troops didn't have to be sold. Denny saw that they were almost wild with lust, and he wondered whether the officers could keep them under control until the prostitutes were ready for business. The whores poured into three huts that had been divided into cubicles by straw mats. In each was a bed and a chair. In full view of the soldiers who stared hungrily through the open doors, the giggling strippers stripped and hung their clothes over the chairs. Then they strutted provocatively, wriggled in animal dances and yelled hoarse boasts of their skills.

A captain in the Medical Corps finished setting up his familiar prophylaxis station behind the huts and blew his whistle. The first troops entered. Each man was allowed 20 minutes, but Denny noticed that these troopers were so expert that few of their clients stayed as long as half that. Each whore was supposed to serve 10 men, and they wanted to work fast so the soldiers at the end of the line wouldn't risk out of impatience.

The next morning, Denny ran into Major Tagachahi as the column was preparing to depart.

"An interesting evening, eh?" the Nipponese C.O. asked slyly.

"Very much so, sir."

"Even for an Englishman?" Denny tried to remain casual.

"I wouldn't know, Major," he shrugged. "Colonel Singh, your own commander, says you would. He believes you are an Englishman."

"I'm Etonian, and I hate them Limsey!"

Denny blurted fiercely.

Tagachahi chuckled.

"I know that, Daroque. I can smell an Englishman. Don't let it worry you. Do a good job of guiding us, and I'll take care of old Singh," the Japanese laughed good-naturedly.

Johnny Denny was still sweating as he climbed into the truck a few minutes later. As they rolled north through the Myrtles Gorge, the commando ignored the terrific tropical rainstorm that suddenly struck the convoy. He'd been shaken by the disclosure that Colonel Singh suspected him, and he was even more troubled by the fact that they were getting closer to the vital rail line every hour.

He had to do something—soon. With some 400 enemy troops behind him, he got out of the truck at Palel and started walking. They were at the edge of the British lines, so they'd have to hike the rest of the way on foot. It was a murderous march. The back trails ran over steep hills and through muddy swamps. They were reduced to half-rations because of Denny's successful fire, and their water-flasks began to wear out all together. Dysentery appeared, spread swiftly.

Three men fell so sick that they couldn't go. Major Tagachahi whispered a command to one of his doctors. Three shots rang out swiftly. The corpses were kicked off the trail, and the task force continued the advance.

Twice Denny tried to slow down the column by leading it off the main path with promises of short cuts. He had no idea of where he was, but he counted on wandering over jungle routes that would wear out more of the invaders. He knew that he was taking a terrible risk, but he was getting desperate. Each time, his plot failed. Each time his stab-in-the-dark route proved to be an effective short-cut after all, and even the suspicious Colonel Singh congratulated him.

On March 22nd, the task force walked down out of the hills and dug in on a line only four miles from Narsian. An L.N.A. agent named Suleiman was waiting there with six buses and four trucks in his garage. These vehicles were to carry the raiders, all disguised in British Army uniforms, the last few miles to the rail line at Dinapur.

Denny had to make his move now. When darkness fell, his luck changed suddenly. Colonel Singh called him for a special mission.

"We're completely out of rice," the L.N.A. commander admitted bluntly, "and we can't take starving troops into action. We're deep in enemy territory. I want you to guide me into Narsian tonight so we can get a truckload of rice from our contact, Suleiman."

"Take a section of Indian troops. Nobody will notice anything because we're all in British uniforms."

This was what the commando had been waiting for since Bangalore. He picked a squad of Indians, the men under Jemadar Gurbaksh.

They marched into the darkened streets of Narsian, with Denny at the head. They looked like any other Indian unit with a British lieutenant in command. After 20

minutes of cautious searching, they found the garage. Colonel Singh gave Suleiman the pass-word, and they all slipped inside.

There was a young civilian standing beside Suleiman, and he began talking to the colonel who nodded towards Denny. The commando knew that he'd seen him somewhere before. Then he remembered. It was on the station at Dinapur. This was the agent with the Buddha.

At that moment, Colonel Singh spoke. "I was right. He tells you are not the messenger who was to bring the Buddha. You are a British spy!"

Singh pulled out his gun and pointed it directly at Denny. The mildest beamed himself for the slug.

The garage echoed with the blatant Colonel Mohinder Singh of the renegade Indian National Army. (I asked up like a voodooist blind, felt to the floor.)

Jemadar Gurbaksh, a boy's N.C.O. who still served the King and his beloved Punjab Regiment, stood beside Denny with the automatic that had cut him down. "It is nothing, Sahib," he said before Denny could speak.

Denny thanked him quickly and told him to keep the two Indian civilians covered while he sought help. He pulled into an old Ford, waved fear of the Jemadar's men into the back seat and sped out looking for help. It was a matter of hours before the Nipponese attacked the rail line. They had to be stopped before dawn.

He found the local garrison, one platoon of tough little Gurkhas under a pink-checked lieutenant fresh out of officer's training.

There are 400 Japs and Indians not four miles from here, ready to cut the Lach-Aman line in two. Get your man! Denny ordered swiftly.

"Good Lord! We're only 30 men, but we'll try to stop them until reinforcements come up."

The Gurkha shouted snarled out commands, cracked his field telephone and spread the alarm. His men worked furiously, filling sacks with sawdust and burning them into the back of a truck. Denny had a plan, and if it worked as well as his fire plot, it would be a perfect ambush. The Gurkhas jumped up into the truck, where they were completely concealed by walls of the sawdust-packed bags.

They headed back for the Nipponese camp.

When they were a quarter of a mile away, Denny told the Gurkhas to get out quietly and set up their line of fire. He walked ahead himself until challenged by one of Major Tagachahi's alert sentries.

"Captain, Doroque here. I have rice. Tabernum!" he lied boldly.

Within a few minutes, the Nipponese C.O. and 80 of his men were following Denny back to the truck. They started reloading the sacks eagerly. At that moment, the commando gradually backed away, unsatisfied and slipped into the trees.

"Fire!" John Denny of the Royal Engineers and the Indian National Army roared.

The Gurkhas began to spray with their Stens. Their medium-machine-guns on tripods, neatly dug in the ditch, chopped through the dense Japanese force with deadly precision. A score of Nipponese







## THE RED WHO ASSASSINATED EVERYBODY

Continued from page 31

intended victim. They found that he left his house about 10 A.M. and drove along the river front on his way to the Czar's palace. The entire route was closely guarded by police and detectives.

On a clear morning in July the stout Sannikoff took his place at the bridge across the Neva River. In his hands, wrapped in newspapers, was a 12-gauge bomb. A few minutes after 10 o'clock the elegant carriage of von Plehve, drawn by two coal-black horses, started across the bridge. A detective on a bicycle kept pace alongside.

Sannikoff walked calmly toward the approaching vehicle. As it drove past, he leaped his bomb. It struck the window of the coach, shattered the glass. There was a thud, followed by a deafening explosion. A column of yellow-gray smoke obscured the scene. Out of it dashed two blood-stained horses dragging a pair of broken carriage wheels.

**W**HEN the smoke cleared the assassin lay in a pool of blood, his face ghastly, a gaping hole in his side. The blood had blown off his left shoe and torn away two feet of his left leg. A few paces away lay the mangled corpse of his victim, entangled in the debris of the carriage.

Other members of the squad had been posted at strategic points along the road, ready to make their try if the first attempt failed. After the explosion, one of them, Sikorski, was caught by police in the act of dumping his bomb into the Neva. He was arrested as an accomplice in the assassination.

Sannikoff recovered from his wounds. He refused to divulge any information about the crime. Assigned to death, in a letter smuggled out of jail he wrote: "Farewell, dear comrades! I salute the rising sun of freedom!"

Both prisoners were tried in St. Petersburg High Court, and convicted. Animate not to arouse public opinion further, the court sentenced Sannikoff to life imprisonment, Sikorski to 20 years at hard labor. A year later, on protest against the punishment of political prisoners, Sannikoff committed suicide by pushing his clothes with benzene and setting himself afire.

Savinkoff returned to a hero's welcome in Geneva. The assassination of von Plehve created a sensation and boosted the stock of the terrorists throughout Europe. Cash contributions flowed in from sympathizers all over the world—including the United States.

Events within Russia soon provided the Terror Brigade with an even more prominent victim.

On January 8, 1905 ("Bloody Sunday") the priest Georgi Gapon led thousands of

men, women and children—carrying them and singing religious hymns—on a march to the Winter Palace to present a petition to the Czar. Troops fired on the unarmed and defenseless mob, killing more than a thousand people. The entire nation smothered with horror and anger.

In retaliation, Savinkoff was ordered to arrange the assassination of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius. A second squad was sent to St. Petersburg to kill another of the Czar's relatives, the Grand Duke Vladimir.

Upon reaching Moscow, Savinkoff learned that on the evening of February 2nd there would be a Red Cross benefit at the Bolshoi Theatre under the patronage of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the intended victim. Presumably her husband would also attend. The Grand Duke's carriage could be easily distinguished by its bright green side-lamps. No other carriage in Moscow sported such lights.

At 8 P.M. that evening two Savinkoff's men, his close friend Kalyayev and former university mate Kulkibevsky, were posted on the two main roads leading to the theatre. They were dressed as peasants in caps, long coats and high boots. Under his cloak each carried a bomb.

Presently Kalyayev spotted the green lights of the Grand Duke's carriage coming toward him. He stepped into the road, raised his arm to kiss the bomb. At that instant he saw two children seated beside their parents in the carriage. He leaped aside barely in time to avoid being trampled by the horses.

"How can one kill children?" he muttered, when taken to task for miffing his big chance.

Two days later he got another chance. Savinkoff accompanied him to the Kremlin. In a square about 80 feet inside the Nikolskiy gate stood the Grand Duke's carriage. The two friends embraced, then Savinkoff walked off. Opposite the gate was a chapel, displaying a religious picture framed in glass. Kalyayev stood with his back to the Kremlin, studying the reflection in the glass. When he saw the coachman mount to his seat he turned and walked through the gate.

As Sergius stepped into his carriage the assassin, only four paces away, threw his bomb. This explosion shattered windows facing the square, toppled officials and clerks off their stools. All that was left of the carriage was a heap of rubble. The mutilated body of the Grand Duke was a frightful sight. The head was gone, as was part of the torso. At the mitre, only one hand and part of a leg could be positively identified.

Kalyayev, blood streaming from his face,

stumbled toward the gate. Behind him came cries of "Hold him! Hold him!" He was overtaken by police, seized and flung into a strait. As they drove through the Kremlin he kept shouting "Down with the accursed Czar! Long live liberty!"

A special session of the Senate condemned him to death. He was hanged at Schlusselburg Prison.

**A** MONTH later Kulkibevsky appeared at a reception for Count Schuvalov, Mayor of Moscow, and shot him dead. The Count was not related by blood to the Czar, so his assassin got off with life imprisonment.

The attempt to kill the Grand Duke Vladimir in St. Petersburg was a disaster. Its leader was blown to bits by premature explosion of a bomb he was preparing. Later the seven remaining members of the squad, including Duke Brilliant, were picked up by police. Four were executed; the others sentenced to prison. As the result of the brutal treatment he received, a year later Dura became insane and was transferred to a mental hospital, where she died.

Thus in one venture after another, Savinkoff's closest friends perished or were jailed. He alone survived, and continued to lead others to their deaths.

Soon after his successful mission to Moscow, Savinkoff set up a base of operations in Finland, near St. Petersburg. From here he launched a new wave of political assassinations. In just one month three prominent Czarist officials were killed.

The first was von Lamitz, Governor of Tanshief. He died on January 3, 1906 at the opening of the Institute of Experimental Medicine. Police warned him not to attend, but he did not heed the warning. As he was ascending the staircase a member of the Terror Brigade killed him with three shots from a Browning automatic. The assassin then killed himself.

On January 8, General Pavlov, Chief Military Prosecutor, met his death. Aware that he was a prime target, he seldom left the military tribunal building, where he maintained a private apartment. Nevertheless, a terrorist disguised as a courtier got in and shot the General in the right eye as he was taking a walk in the enclosed garden.

On January 30, Gudimov, Governor of St. Petersburg Political Prison, was shot and killed.

A number of other officials were slated for execution, but an unexpected diversion saved them. Savinkoff was informed that Father Gapon, the priest responsible for "Bloody Sunday," was a police spy. Moreover this spy was about to betray him to the OCHRANA. His informant was Rosenberg, a Socialist closely acquainted with Gapon in the ill-fated march on the Winter Palace.

According to Rosenbergs' story, the priest approached him with a proposition. The OCHRANA would pay 25,000 rubles for delivery of the terrorist chief, dead or alive. Rosenbergs could have half the reward if he helped them trap Savinkoff.

Instead a trap was prepared for Gapon. On the pretext of further discussion he

(Continued on page 54)

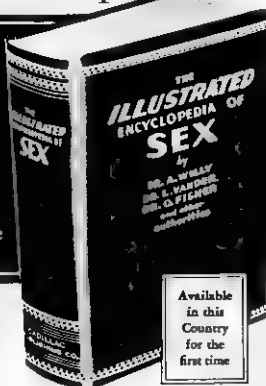
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was lured to a deserted villa at Terioki, just over the Finnish border. Savinkoff and two of his men, concealed in the next room, overheard the conversation through the thin partition. When Rutenberg said he had qualms about sending his comrades to the gallows, the priest shrugged: "You can't chop a tree down without splinters flying."

Upon this the men he proposed to betray burst out of hiding. Capon fell to his knees and begged for mercy. "Forgive me, brothers, forgive me for the sake of the past," he implored.

"You are willing to sell our blood to the police. There is no forgiveness for that," Savinkoff declared.

He placed a noose about the traitor's neck, pulled the rope through an iron hook in the wall and strangled him to death. The decomposing body lay in the deserted villa for a week before it was discovered.

The base in Finland was abandoned. But the secret police were on Savinkoff's trail and kept him under observation all the way to Sebastopol. There he was caught red-handed in a plot to assassinate General Nepiueff, commandant of the port, and Admiral Tchukin, who had brutally suppressed the Black Sea revolt.

They threw him into the military prison under heavy guard, convened a court-martial to try him and condemn him to death. When word of his capture reached Geneva, a comrade's force was organized to rescue him.

Disguised in army uniforms, the terrorist task force staged a daring raid on the prison, disarmed Savinkoff's guards and set him free. Getting him out of the city proved more difficult. The garrison had been alerted. Troops surrounded Sebastopol and guarded every exit.

There was only one way out: by sea.

Existing the mid of a former lieutenant in the Navy, the terrorists chartered a small sailboat, smuggled him out to sea and deposited him in a Rumanian port.

Returning in triumph to Geneva, Savinkoff found himself the most famous revolutionary of his time. He was appointed to the Central Committee of the party, given joint authority with Azeff over activities of the Terror Brigade.

Now he planned the most spectacular coup of his career: the assassination of the Czar.

To replace units of the old Russian fleet sunk by the Japanese in the Yellow Sea, a number of war vessels were being constructed in a Glasgow shipyard. One of them, the cruiser *Aurik*, was about to be commissioned. A crew was standing by to take it to a Russian port, where it would be inspected by the Czar.

Savinkoff went to Glasgow and contacted two sympathizers in the crew. They agreed to kill the Czar during the ceremonial review. They were provided with revolvers and wrote farewell letters explaining the reasons for the assassination.

The *Aurik* arrived at St. Petersburg. The Imperial review took place without incident. At the last moment the two appointed assassins lost their nerve. Concluding it was a mistake to trust amateurs to do a professional job, Savinkoff sent a strong unit of the Terror Brigade to St. Petersburg to carry out the Czar's assassination. They found a Cossack in the Imperial bodyguard who agreed to help them.

Suddenly the secret police swooped down, arrested 18 conspirators and turned them over to a court-martial. Three were condemned to death and executed; the rest were sentenced to penal servitude and banished to Siberia.

Ever since his capture in Sebastopol, Savinkoff had suspected that a police spy had wormed his way into the top ranks

of the Social-Revolutionary party and was betraying them to the police. The clean sweep in St. Petersburg confirmed this suspicion.

Who was the traitor?

On the train to Paris a few months later the editor of a Russian journal encountered an old friend: the recently retired chief of Russian secret police. In the course of a conversation about police work, the identity of the traitor was revealed.

He was Yevni Azeff, member of the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary party and director of the Terror Brigade.

Fond of good living and chronically short of cash, Azeff had contacted the police and offered to sell them inside information about terrorist activities. His information turned out to be so accurate that they put him on the payroll. However, he wanted to keep on collecting the salary he was getting from the party too, so he didn't tell the police everything.

Thus he betrayed the plot to kill the Grand Duke Vladimir, but withheld information about the plan to kill Sergius. Only when he found it too difficult to serve two masters was he eventually forced to put the finger on Savinkoff's mission to Sebastopol.

The editor immediately communicated this information to friends on the Central Committee of the party. Confronted with the accusation, Azeff indignantly denied it. But in attempting to explain away the suspicious circumstances, he was caught in a number of lies. There could be no doubt that he had betrayed scores of comrades to the police.

Savinkoff urged his death. It finally was agreed that Azeff would be lured to a lonely villa—like Father Capon—and killed. When they tried to get in touch with him they discovered that he'd fled to Germany and gone into hiding.

The Terror Brigade was completely overhauled and reduced to a hard core of 12 veterans of prisons, exile or penal servitude. But then so corrupt were the times that three of the 12 turned out to be traitors, and the Brigade was finally disbanded.

Completely disillusioned with his comrades, Savinkoff broke off his contact with the party. During the next few years he wrote several novels under the pseudonym "Ropsin." One of them, *The Pale Horse*, is a classic study of the mentality of a terrorist.

Upon the outbreak of the Russian Revolution in March, 1917, Savinkoff returned to Russia. His prestige was still high, despite years of inactivity. When Kerensky took over as Prime Minister, he appointed Savinkoff as Assistant Minister of War.

However in November, when the Bolsheviks seized power, Savinkoff was on the run again. Collecting a handful of men, he captured the town of Yaroslavl (180 miles north of Moscow) and tried to organize it as a base against the Communists. There was no response to his appeals for support, and two weeks later Red troops recaptured the town.

Savinkoff escaped, returning to Moscow under a false name. Denouncing the peace treaty with Germany as a betrayal of the Revolution, he organized an under-



"Nice form, but his timing is off."

ground movement to carry on a systematic campaign of terror against the Communists. A number of old-time terrorists joined him.

In July 1918 he directed the assassination of Count von Mirbach, the German ambassador to Moscow. He hoped this would provoke Germany to renew the war. But Germany refused to be provoked.

It was then that he set about his scheme to liquidate the Communist leaders. Dora Kaplan, a 30-year-old former medical student and veteran of the pre-war Terror Brigade, volunteered to kill Lenin. Other members of the group were assigned to assassinate such key figures as Trotsky and Uritsky. For three weeks they shadowed their prey.

Their first opportunity came on August 30, when Lenin got out to address a labor rally at a bulletproof factory on the other side of the Moscow River. He got out in his car, without the usual bodyguard. Savinkoff gave Dora his own pistol for the job.

"Take your time. Fire point-blank at no more than arm's length," he instructed. "Make sure he doesn't escape alive."

She didn't follow instructions. On leaving the rally, Lenin paused to speak to someone in the crowd outside. Dora Kaplan was so close then that she could have reached out and touched him. Now was the time to fire the lethal shot. But for some curious reason she hesitated. He moved away, put his foot on the running board of his car. Only then, from a distance of several feet, did her revolver speak.

The wounded Red leader issued strict orders that the life of his assailant be spared. She was sentenced to prison, and there she remained for 40 years. Two years ago a brief notice in the Soviet press revealed that she had recently died in Butyrki Prison, Moscow.

Seeking refuge from the bloody reprisals, Savinkoff had two choices: go into exile again, or join the White generals—the very people he had fought bitterly most of his adult life. He chose the latter, and thereby alienated all his old friends. They denounced him as an "adventurer and unscrupulous opportunist" and had him read out of the Social-Revolutionary party.

In 1920 he showed up at the Peace Conference in Paris, pleading the cause of Admiral Kolchak, whom he called "the real savior of Russia." When Kolchak was captured and executed, Savinkoff wandered through Europe seeking support so he could continue the underground battle against the Communists.

For a time he lived in Warsaw, then made his headquarters in Paris. For four years, the Soviet Government charged, he continued to send agents into Russia on missions of espionage, sabotage and assassination. It was said that he was responsible for the assassination of more than a dozen Red officials.

Shortly after Lenin's death, early in 1924, the GPU (successor to the CHEKA) captured one of Savinkoff's chief agents in the Soviet Union, a man named Pavlovsky. He confessed that he had received orders to inaugurate a new campaign of

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immolation. High on the priority list were such prominent Communists as Stalin, Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev.

The Central Committee ordered the GPU to take immediate steps to exterminate the Savinkoff organization, and especially to get rid of Savinkoff himself. Dzerzhinsky then concocted a plan to have the old terrorist in Russia.

**H**e had Pavlovsky write a letter describing the struggle for power within the Communist party, assuring Savinkoff that this offered a great opportunity to revive his campaign within Russia to overthrow the Red regime. However, in order to succeed, he himself must come to Russia to direct the campaign.

Did the veteran conspirator accept this letter at face value? Or did he mull it a bit but decide to go anyway because he was weary of the long struggle, and hoped that he could reach an accommodation with Lenin's successors?

Nobody knows. The fact is he did leave Paris in the middle of August, 1924 and proceeded to Poland, where he crossed the border into the Soviet Union. He carried a false passport made out in the name of V. I. Stepanov.

On Soviet soil he was met by "Triumph" and escorted to a secluded house in Minsk. A few minutes after he arrived there a rather young man entered the room and announced "I am Elber, head of the GPU of White Russia. The house is surrounded by my men. You are under arrest."

Savinkoff remained perfectly calm. "Congratulations," he said dryly. "A brilliant stroke. As a matter of fact, I suspected that Pavlovsky's letter was written under duress. I decided to come anyway. I have decided to quit struggling against you."

He was taken to Moscow on a special train and lodged in the GPU prison. The following day he was brought to Dzerzhinsky for questioning.

His plea, in brief, was that he had not been trapped but had given himself up. He said he had withdrawn from the struggle against the Communists the previous year. All he wanted now was a chance to work for the Soviet government and "defend it against its enemies."

Dzerzhinsky replied that he couldn't guarantee Savinkoff's life—that would be decided by the Politbureau. To a very large extent it would depend on the type of "confession" he wrote if he revealed all, detailed the help he got from foreign governments in his fight against the Communists, his life might be spared.

With this delicate hint, Savinkoff set to work on his "confession." He not only vacated his views and acknowledged his errors in fighting the Communists, but listed practically every foreign power on the globe as a co-conspirator.

**O**n August 27, 1924, Boris Vilkovitch Savinkoff, arch-foe of the Soviet regime, was brought before the Supreme Military Tribunal for trial. Not a hint about his arrest had appeared in the press; no reporters were admitted to the courtroom. However the following evening a few select journalists were invited to witness the climax of Savinkoff's two-day

peroration. The proceedings were dramatic.

There were less than 200 spectators in the small courtroom, but they included the elite of Red officialdom. Among them were Kamenev, Acting Premier; Kurksi, Minister of Justice; Kravskii, President of the Supreme Court; and of course Dzerzhinsky, head of the GPU.

The three judges, in military uniform, took their place on the dais. Then, escorted by a guard of soldiers and sailors armed to the teeth and with bayonets fixed to their rifles, the defendant entered.

Those who had known him in the old days were shocked by his appearance. Though only 45, this little man attired in a sooty, double-breasted, gray suit looked tired and old.

But no one could deny his personal courage. He glanced unafraid around the courtroom like a man taking a last look at his fellow human beings and their funny little lives.

He described his life as a conspirator against the Czar, reviewed his terrorist career and the many assassinations he had planned and executed. He told how he always worked out of from human life, cut off from workers and peasants, always in the shadow of shameful death.

**S**PEAKING slowly, he used simple words that everybody in the audience could understand. For with utter sincerity—as was it commensurate art?—he seemed to be addressing himself to his audience, rather than to the judges. No matter what he painted (as he did frequently) the whole room quivered with pent-up emotion.

He related his part in the Revolution and his rise to power until the Bolsheviks seized the reins. He said his hatred of the Reds was motivated not only by personal reasons—his sister and her husband were executed the day after the Bolsheviks took power—but by other considerations.

"First, my life's dream had been the Constituent Assembly. You smashed it, and iron entered my soul."

"Second, the First-Lithuan peace (with Germany), which I regarded as a shameful betrayal of my country."

"Third, I thought that Bolshevism couldn't stand, it was too extreme, that it would be replaced by the other extreme of monarchism, that the best alternative was a middle course."

"Fourth and most important, I believed that you didn't represent the Russian masses, workers and peasants. I lived always in the water-tight compartment of the conspirator, knew nothing about the feeling of the Russian masses. I thought they were against you. So I who have given my life to their service set myself against you, too."

He said that history had proved him wrong; he recanted his former views and acknowledged the right of the Communists to govern Russia.

Turning to his reason for returning to Russia, he said that in Paris he had heard conflicting reports about the Soviet Union, felt that he must know the truth even if it cost him his life.

Now he knew, he said. Even if it cost him his life, the price was reasonable for such knowledge. And he concluded: "I ask not for mercy. I ask you only to let





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## “With God

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[illegible]

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George Francis Train began right after Grandmother Pickering had been revived with smelling salts.

Aided by Grandpa, a Methodist preacher, and two old-maid aunts, George's own language was cleaned up and he was sent to school. He had a keen mind and a phenomenal memory that rapidly outstripped both classmates and teachers, leaving him with nothing to do but invent mischief to relieve his boredom.

One day he came home to face a solemn family conference. "We've discussed your future, Georgie, and it's all decided. You're going to study for the Methodist ministry."

"Like hell I ma," George said flatly.

He found a job packing produce, then became a grocery clerk. But his mind was on a relative he had never met. Uncle Enoch Train was sole owner of the Benton shipping firm of Train & Co., whose White Diamond Line packets and freighters plowed all seven seas.

One day George quit his job, hiked to Boston and introduced himself as a new employee and future partner. Uncle Enoch was a gentleman of the old school where even brash nephews listened deferentially to their elders. He snapped, "I will notify you when there is an opening."

**G**ROSSER scratched his head. That put me on a spot. Before coming up here, I hung around the docks to get the feel of shipping, and I heard about a cargo. Well, I told them I was with Train & Co., and persuaded them to ship through

Within two years George had doubled the firm's business and was a junior partner at a salary of \$10,000 a year.

Like Uncle Enoch, the Train ships were old, stodgy and encrusted with the harnesses of tradition. They fell behind more modern competitors. George searched one day. "I've been talking to Donald McKay, the shipbuilder. He has plans for the fastest clipper ship afloat. He wants to call it the *Flying Cloud*. Now he's asking me to build it for us."

The greatest clippers of history were built for the Transvaal. How were they to pay? George had the answer to that question. The potato famine was ravaging Ireland. George sold non-negotiable certificates which enabled Americans to bring their starving relatives over, without fear that they'd drink up their passage money on Irish whiskey. The scheme brought the company a fortune and launched the flow of Irish immigration to America.

By 21, George was managing Trade Co.'s Liverpool office for \$95,000 a year.

## "MILLION- BUCK" TRAIN

Continued from page 34

"Express" train, they were calling him, but he himself felt he was getting "stodgy." So he quit his plain job, hopped a clipper to join the Australian gold rush and opened his own commission house in Melbourne.

The first year the business earned \$185,000. Irritated by his "failure," George founded the Mercantile Exchange, built Australia's first skyscraper and imported a 16-story prefabricated warehouse from Boston. Offered the presidency of the stillborn Five Star Republic, he turned it down. He was married by this time and his wife was pregnant.

"If my son isn't born in the United States," George said, "he can never be President."

The son turned out to be a daughter.  
George sighed and took the next ship  
to Japan.

Commodore Perry's treaty had opened Japan to foreign trade, as Train made this trip ostensibly to look over commercial possibilities. But even before he reached Japan he'd picked up enough shipboard scuttlebutt to conclude the Japs were not to be trusted, and he turned his trip into what deep-down he really wanted it to be—a leisurely sightseeing cruise around the world.

Ever since Liverpool, Train had been writing long letters to American papers, analyzing business, politics and society abroad. Their lively style caught on, with two important results.

First, when George reached New York in July, 1856, he'd become a celebrity as a foreign correspondent—all his letters were in fact published in a book.

Second, this same notoriety was observed in England by a young, imaginative novelist named Jules Verne who—after reading Train's letters one day and noticing that the London air was "foggy"—graded up the name Phileas Fogg and soon, like Train, around the world.

But when Verne published his world famous novel, he neglected to mention that his hero had been based on George Francis Train. No law compelled him to mention it, but nevertheless the neglect was to anger Train. In fact, it was to irritate the pants off him, with dire consequences for Verne.

**M**ELANWICKLE, when George arrived back in Boston from Japan a shock of another kind awaited him. As he stepped off the train, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "You're under arrest for embezzlement, weren't you?"

In a housekeeping mishap just after his sudden departure for Japan, one of the firms he represented had jumped to the conclusion that Train was abandoning

The matter was immediately cleared up, but not before he had made the first of many acquaintances with the inside of jail.

Two months later he took his wife and new daughter to Europe where his dashing parties made him known to everyone of importance. Train, as always, watched for a chance to profit. He soon found one tailored to his talents.

Queen Maria Cristina of Spain was fabulously wealthy, but her throne was so shaky that she was prudently investing huge sums outside the country. One of her holdings was some 40,000 acres of rich land in Pennsylvania. Train knew that promoters were trying vainly to raise money for the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad which would touch her land and enhance its value.

**T**RAIN turned on his supernatural finance and persuaded the Queen to finance the railroad. He then sold British firms on accepting railroad bonds in payment for rails and equipment. His commissions from the deals were so huge that he established a \$100,000 trust fund for his wife out of surplus. By the time the mismanaged road went bankrupt, wiping out both bonds and investment, Train was in the clear—or so he thought.

Then he launched on a new scheme—the introduction of horse-drawn street railroads in the British Isles. The first, at Bournemouth, was an immediate success, but his attempt to invade London encountered violent opposition. Omnibus companies saw their doom in this cheaper, more comfortable transportation and fought him tooth and nail. Their weak argument was that the rails, protruding from the street, would be a traffic hazard.

At a hearing on his charter, one of the lords wound up his objections by asking nastily, "Mr. Train, if my horse were to stumble over one of your rails and break a leg, would you pay for the horse?"

"Certainly, my lord," Train snapped, "as soon as you had proven your dazed old nag wouldn't have stumbled if my rail hadn't been there."

The Board laughed and gave him his charter. The line was built and the rails promptly began breaking bus and carriage wheels as predicted. When a boy was run over and killed, the charter was withdrawn. Train dropped the whole enterprise in disgust, taking a \$100,000 loss. He had a more exciting battle coming up, anyhow.

The American Civil War had broken out. England was pro-Confederacy. Train rolled up his sleeves and plunged into a fight for the Union. He founded a newspaper and took to the lecture platform to blast the British attitude with his acid tongue. He haunted the docks and published the names and cargoes of ships being fitted out as blockade runners.

New York papers published his letters and England roared with wrath. London papers called him a spy and a snake in the grass. Detectives shadowed him; he was jeered and stoned on the street, rotten-egged on the platform. All this succeeded only in sharpening Train's tongue. His enemies dragged out one of his unpaid bills for railroad tracks and had him tossed into debtor's prison.

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Don't look at your wrist watch—and answer this question: Is the number six on your watch dial the Arabic 6 or is it the Roman numeral VI? Think carefully for a moment. Now look at the watch and see if you were right.

Were you? Or were you wrong in either case because your watch doesn't have a six at all? The small second hand usually occupies that space on most modern watches. Can you tell me the EXACT time? Probably not, yet it is only a second since you looked at your watch! Now look at the panel at the bottom of this column. Does it say *Paris in the Spring*? Now look again: there is one 'the' too many in the phrase. The star under the word 'Spring' is just misdirection. Write it out on a card—and try it on your friends! Nine out of ten people fail this test!

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Train promptly dipped his pen in gall and poured out a flood of letters to newspapers in England and America. When he began to mockrate British bankers, the charges against him were hardly withdrawn and he was booted out of England.

En route home, he stopped to dash off a history of Newfoundland, then rushed home to be welcomed as a hero.

The most popular American in public life," he called himself.

Then the "most popular American" touched off a riot by lecturing a speech by Senator Sumner and was again thrown into the clink. After his release, Train took to the lecture platform himself, charging admission.

I take in \$300 to \$1500 for an hour's talk," he crowed jubilantly. "I am too young to take Sumner's place in the Senate; else I would be elected by acclamation."

His speeches were something to behold. He roared, ranted, leaped, broke furniture and lampooned his enemies with sharp mimicry. He was vastly entertaining whether he made sense or not. With happy impetuosity, he attacked Lincoln, McClellan, the South, abolitionists and anything else he thought of. He began touting himself as candidate for President in the 1884 election.

Meanwhile, he plunged into promoting the Union Pacific Railroad, raising vast amounts of money and organizing the Credit Mobilier, patterned after the French institution, to finance the road. He sold this at a fat profit long before scandals exposed him.

When ground-breaking ceremonies were held in the tiny village of Omaha, Train's freighting led him to invest in hundreds of acres of prairie land in what is now the heart of the city. Within two years he had sold off 8,000 lots at \$300 each.

**T**he nomination for President was but a train whistled back into Union Pacific promotion. By this time, citizens were furious about the bar which hyped Denver by 100 miles. Train was rushed out to pacify them.

He stroked into the platform, grinning at the silent audience. "What's the problem?" he asked gruffly. "All you have to do is build your own branch line to connect with the U.P." Within an hour his fervid oratory had sold the idea and raised every cent of the cash needed to build the Denver & Cheyenne. The citizens presented him with a set of jewelry to show their gratitude.

Back in Omaha, Train, entertaining some bankers at a dinner at the Herndon House was interrupted when a blast of rain poured through a broken window. His furious complaint brought only an indifferent shrug from the manager, who knew his was the only first-class hotel in town.

Train stormed out and paid \$5,000 cash for a vacant lot directly across the street. Then, hunting up a contractor, he threw down a rough plan for an elegant 70-room hotel. "What'll you charge to build this in 80 days?"

"A thousand dollars a day," Train scribbled a check for the full amount and went off on a trip. Exactly

two months later the plush Carillon House was open, soaring across at its shabby rival.

Then, after a frenzied campaign for Women's Suffrage in Kansas, Train sailed for Europe, deliberately gang up by Ireland. He landed at Cove on the heels of a bloody Republican uprising and was promptly arrested as a dangerous agitator and spy.

When the police tried to haul Train to Cork Cool in a cutline, he indignantly chartered a special train at his own expense. In prison, his ravings almost drove the judges mad so they were not unhappy when the U.S. State Department finally won Train's release.

Train was so furious that instead of leaving Ireland, he brazenly started a speaking tour, vilifying England. This time his enemies were smarter. They dragged up another of the old railway bills and used it to slip him into debtor's prison in Dublin out of reach of diplomatic aid. Instead of paying the bill, he chose to sit in prison and become an international cause.

For ten months he had a Roman holiday, meeting his sales American powers raged and hinted at war with England over this treatment of a U.S. citizen. Both the Republicans and the Democrats talked of running him for President.

Finally in December 1886, his harried enemies withdrew all charges to get rid of him. But before sailing home in triumph, Train fled a dancer out for false arrest against the British Government for \$100,000.

Back home he took to the lecture platform again to cash in on his fame. He cleaned up a fortune, despite complaints that his speeches were more incoherent than ever. The show he put on was still worth the price of admission.

Then he conceived a new idea, one that stemmed both from a desire to publicize the Union Pacific and his anger at Jules Verne. Around the world in 80 days? Bunk! He would do it in 60! And in the course of it, show the world how the Union Pacific had shrunk the globe.

It was not a very rational scheme. The U.P. was a railroad and his around-the-globe voyage would have to be made partly by sea. But Train never claimed to be rational—his whole career was founded on doing as many things at once that his hand would always be quicker than the public's eye. Indeed the night before he was to sail from San Francisco, he made a violent speech on a totally different matter—Chinese equality—that got him shot at from the gallery by a pistol.

**U**pon regular transportation, chartering ships or trains when necessary to make connections, he made sensational time until he reached France and learned of Napoleon's defeat and the fall of the Second Empire. Remembering his own reception at the royal court Train was shocked. He abandoned his world trip and raced ashore at Marseilles to take a hand in tangled French affairs.

Two factions struggled for control. One wanted a Third Republic. Their enemies, the Communards, sought a socialist Commune. For no valid reason, Train sided with the Communards and began work-

ing fiery speeches in fluent French. He took to wearing two pistols and brought in General Cluseret, a soldier of fortune, to head a revolutionary army.

One morning Train heard tramping feet outside his hotel suite and thinking it a crowd of admirers wanting a speech, he galloped to the balcony, bawling, "Vive la Commune!"

A column of Republican troops grimly leveled rifles at him. Train gulped, snatched French and American flags to his breast and roared, "Fire, fire you miserable cowards! Fire upon the flags of France and America, wrapped around the body of an American citizen, if you dare!"

**T**HE soldiers reluctantly lowered their guns and marched on. A few days later Train was arrested and spent two weeks in a dungeon until intercession by the elder Dumas got him out and on his way home. He had dilly-dallied an extra month in France, but he promptly erased that from his calendar and announced that he had gone around the world in 80 days. His lectures and writing on that theme were believed, and the novel "Around the World in 80 Days" temporarily sagged in popularity, despite Verne's attempts to prove Train was a liar.

Back home, Train built a magnificent \$100,000 mansion at Newport and spent a summer entertaining society at a cost of \$2,000 a week. In the fall, he charged back into a new presidential campaign, charging admission to his speeches and clearing a reported \$90,000 profit. The newspapers called him "insane."

When he failed to get a nomination, he roared into his own independent campaign. One of his rivals was Victoria Woodhull, running for president on a platform of, among other things, free love, easy divorce and spiritualism. She and her sister, Tennessee Claflin, had operated a brokerage office, published a

sleazy newspaper and scandalized the nation with their flagrant love lives.

When the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher lashed at them from the pulpit, all hell broke loose. Victoria struck back by publishing a detailed exposé of Beecher's sexual misdeeds with Elizabeth Tilton, wife of his best friend. Within hours that issue sold out and copies were being bootlegged for as much as \$25. The blue-nosed Anthony Comstock pounced like a hawk and had the sisters arrested for slander and obscenity.

Train heard the news and forgot his presidential campaign in his zeal to defend womanhood and the freedom of the press. He galloped to the Ludlow Street jail and raised hell until permitted to visit the prisoners. "Don't you worry about a thing," he thundered. "I'll have you out of here in no time and I'll defend you with the last drop of my blood." Not only did he get Victoria and Tennessee out, but he dragged a mob of other women prisoners with him: prostitutes, bar-flies, junkies—he stormed out with them all. And he coolly clubbed the guard when he tried to grab Train by the collar of his tuxedo. Train was defending womanhood, and that meant all women.

But when he jumped to the defense of the sister-suffragette, the powerful Comstock barred the doors of all lecture halls to Train. That was the last straw. With a glint in his eye, Train published his *Train Labor*, containing some of the earlier Old Testament narratives copied verbatim under yellow journal headlines.

**C**OMSTOCK swallowed the bait and had Train in the Tombs before realizing how ridiculous he would look trying to make a court-case out of the Bible.

Train had the time of his life. He was in Cell 56 of Murderer's Row, a gloomy three-tiered wing containing 22 other prominent prisoners, including some famous politicians. The lax prison officials



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## MAIL POUCH

### LOON PLATOON

I thoroughly enjoyed Harold L. Everett's unusual *Get Women For Sergeant Lovejoy's Psycho Platoon* in *REAL ADVENTURE*'s November issue.

Only the "loon platoon" didn't sound so crazy to me. I've seen mentally disturbed guys who suffered from shell shock and they did a lot worse things than the guy in the story who just collected matches. One guy who was stationed in Guam with me, for instance, chopped his finger off with a meat cleaver to get discharged.

Bill Potter  
Elmira, New York

• And what's so crazy about that? He got discharged, didn't he?

### LION NO LIE

I read your November article, *A Damn Fool Rope-Walker's Carrying A Girl Over Niagara Falls*, and I find it very hard to believe The Great Blondin wheeled a lion across a tightrope in a wheelbarrow.

In the first place, how did he manage to steal a big animal like that from the Liverpool Zoo? Didn't a keeper see him and call the cops?

Kenneth Hall  
Wheeling, West Va.

• According to the June 3, 1874 issue of the *Liverpool Guardian*, Blondin knocked the zoo-keeper unconscious, stole his keys, then broke into the lion's cage where he chloroformed the lion. The zoo-keeper apparently believed it, even if you don't.

### TRUJILLO TROUBLE

Your article about Trujillo (25,000 *Haitian Corpses For The Fighting Black Cock*, *REAL ADVENTURE*, November) made me boiling mad! What right do you have to criticize the U.S. Marines! The fine things the Marines did in the Dominican Republic—instituting sanitation, enforcing law, paying off debts, building roads and generally making improvements: these things are glided over.

A big case is made about all the harm the Marines did. The Marines are great

and should not be shown up in a bad light.

Arthur Monahan  
Portland, Maine..

Hurrah for your story on Trujillo. I have been down to Haiti and spoken with some of the natives who remember the horrible massacre of their people. Hats off to *REAL ADVENTURE* for exposing all the facts about the dictator—and also about the U.S. Marines who botched things up in the Republic.

Let's see more fearless reports like this one.

Fred Kurtis  
Newark, New Jersey

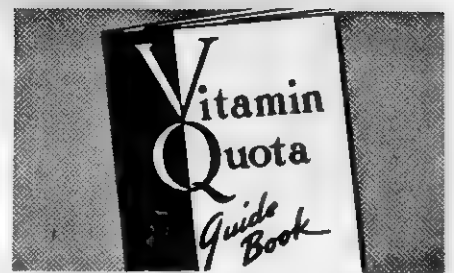
### MOON STRUCK

I sure enjoyed *Dave's Moon Girl*—Susan Framme. I mean I'd like to enjoy her, if she'd come up here to Rutland. Miami's all right, of course, but if she likes moonlight, she ought to fly up to the hills of Vermont, where they write all the songs about the stuff.

Joe Crary  
Rutland, Vermont



SUSAN: MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT?



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BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD

Box 46777, Dept. 1, 7803 Los Angeles 46, Cal.

he'd never manage to catch the elusive dirigible in time for a flight. His taxicab had had one difficulty after another—a flat tire, carburetor trouble, and then a ridiculous jam-up of traffic caused by some other car's mechanical failure.

At 2:30 P.M., the *Wingfoot Express* took off again, sailing up north as far as Diversey and then back down to circle and wheel over downtown Chicago. Aboard were Boettner, Buck Weaver and, in the gondola's passenger seats, Morrow, Maranville and a couple of Army lieutenants.

The blimp's proud pennants waved in the mild wind. Down below, thousands of Chicagoans gaped skyward in wonder. And the city's newspapers hustled to get out information for their late evening editions: Value—\$100,000; Length—158 feet; Diameter of gasbag—34 feet; Capacity of gasoline tank—200 gallons; Length of gondola—50 feet; Capacity of gondola—eight passengers and two crewmen.

The steel-girdered, glass skylight roof of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank filtered down the afternoon sun. Mabel Rawson looked up, sighed and shook her head. She just couldn't seem to get her mind off her troubles and onto her work today.

Mabel looked up at the big clock on the opposite wall. A little after four, customers all gone now. Soon she'd be facing a showdown; would she become his mistress? She didn't know herself how she'd react when her time came...

The second flight's second leg went perfectly. The blimp landed once more at Grant Park. Major Maranville walked around the blimp, giving it a thorough inspection before it was flown back to the White City hangar.

During each of the previous flights, Boettner had valved a little gas out of the blimp's gasbag. The gas level was now

down to the point where he could carry a total of only five people.

He turned to Henry Wacker. "Hank, you coming back with us on the return trip?"

"Doesn't matter to me, Jack. Buck can handle the thing well enough. If you need the space, I'll stay on the ground."

Young Buck Weaver, standing nearby, interrupted. "I'd just as soon you came along, Hank. There are a few things I'd like to check with you as we fly."

"All right," Wacker said. "I'll come, then."

Major Maranville strode over to the men. "Everything seems in excellent shape to me," he said heartily. "I'm really impressed by today's showing."

"Glad to hear it," said Boettner. "By the way, did you say you want to pilot the ship back to White City? We've let out some gas and we'll only be able to carry about five on this trip."

"Well, don't worry about it, Jack," Maranville said amiably. "I can fly it some other time. I see you've got a couple of new passengers."

So Maranville and Morrow and their three lieutenants stepped out of the *Wingfoot-Express* and back into long lines.

The newcomers were Earl Davenport, publicity man for the White City Amusement Park, and Milton Norton, photographer for the *Chicago Herald & Examiner*, who planned to take a series of aerial photographs for his newspaper.

At 4:00 P.M., the five men—Boettner, Wacker, Weaver, Davenport and Norton—clambered into the gondola and took their places. Boettner was in the prow again, the two mechanics in the rear, and the passengers comfortably seated in the center. The men were in high spirits, joking about the heavy safety belts they wore and the awkward parachutes, packed in containers affixed to the floor of the cab and attached to the men by means

## A TRIO OF TOP THRILLERS

**AWFUL REVOLT AT AUSCHWITZ**—In September, 1942, ex-Wermacht private and prisoner Fodor Schollenberg made a suicide pact with 300 other near-corpse at the Hitler horror-camp. His aim: to grenade the gas even then consuming 22,000 daily—before he himself was cooked like a sausage. A stunning step-by-step account of the only recorded rebellion at Auschwitz—including the last-ditch Battle of the Crematorium. **MAN'S DAY BOOKLENGTH FOR FEBRUARY.**

**BANDIT-GIRL EMPIRE OF "UGLY AMERICAN" MURDOCK**—His burned gypsy-like face was too well known by the FBI for Frank Murdoch to stay in the States. So for five years—until the invading Japs ended his gypsy-baron career—he ruled Indonesia's robber kingdom with an iron hand, the aid of a hunchback confidant and a dozen of the only girl pirates ever to dedicate their lives to a non-Macdon.

**CON MAN BILL JADE'S 100-FRAULEIN CARAVAN**—When Montana academies started for new warm bodies to fill their unions, a washed-up bottom-of-the-deck riverboat dealer got himself an idea. A sea voyage to Germany and a corpsing of counter-fair bills bought him 100 of the loveliest pig-tailed dairy maids his side of paradise—and all he had to do was lug them, kicking and screaming, 5000 miles back to the frontier.

These and other rugged true stories for males  
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## MAN'S DAY

ON SALE NOVEMBER 24th





line. And in his last instant of consciousness, he saw the big, fiery mass of wreckage come flying his way.

There were only two exits through which the panicked bank employees—130 of them—could leave the building. Through these two doors, and many second-floor windows, they came pouring out . . . some injured, others with clothing smoldering, flames and shattered.

Within a few moments after the burning bulk of the Wingfoot Express had crashed through the skylight of the bank, 11 people were dead, nearly 30 injured. Some 20,000 spectators thronged Jackson and La Salle to watch, as fire trucks, ambulances and then hearses arrived on the scene.

**O**f the men who had hailed out of the dirigible, only two survived.

Davenport was caught in the gondola and crashed into the roof with the burning airship.

Buck Weaver's parachute burned in mid-air and the young mechanic died on impact with the skyline.

Milton Norton, the photographer, couldn't control his parachute. He was dashed against the side of a building, broke both his legs and suffered extensive internal injuries. When rescuers reached him, he was still alive and, incredibly, still clutching his precious photographic plates in his hand. According to newspaper accounts, his last words were "Get these to the office . . . still time for the first edition." He died the following day.

Henry Wacker, chief mechanic of the dirigible, had better luck. His parachute was scorched by falling debris and he began to spin uncontrollably. He passed out, was buffeted against the side of a building, and landed finally on a fire

escape. His back was broken, but he recovered after lengthy hospitalization.

He had been the first to jump from the Wingfoot Express. He was, in fact, the first man to parachute safely from any powered aircraft and as such, gained the dubious honor of being the first member of the now world famous Caterpillar Club.

Jack Boettner told his own story later that day in these words:

"My parachute opened perfectly. I had fallen about 75 feet when it spread out. I began to drift a bit when the flaming ship fell past me.

"The worst sensation I experienced was after my parachute opened. I began sliding down rapidly and, looking up, I saw it was beginning to burn. In an instant it began to whirl and I went around so fast I couldn't see where I was falling. I kept whirling around in the air until I hit.

"I didn't know where I was until I rolled over and discovered I was looking down into a street. Realizing I'd fallen on top of a building, I began to look around. Finding a fire escape, I started down. It seemed a long way down the ladders.

"I saw the crowd around the building where the ship had fallen. I was trying to find some of the officers when the detectives picked me up. It was hell about the other fellows."

When the final tally was in, 13 people had died and more than 30 had been injured. \$90,000 in U.S. Government bonds had gone up in smoke, and property damage ran into the hundreds of thousands. Goodyear assumed full financial responsibility for damages.

**M**ost of the men connected with the flight, including Boettner and some officials of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, were taken into custody by

State's Attorney Moynie and held for questioning and possible criminal proceedings.

The entire city was aroused, angry at the senseless tragedy. A coroner's jury began an investigation; witnesses were called and conflicting reports filled column after column in the local press. It soon became evident that many people were at least partially to blame.

Boettner was accused of recklessly performing acrobatics over the city. But witnesses' accounts proved this an unfair accusation.

Goodyear was charged with failing to have sufficiently tested the experimental La Rhones and balloons.

Some observers felt that the Government was at fault for forcing the company to test the airship under unfavorable conditions. Write one expert: "It was inability to get other types of engines that led the designers to use the La Rhones on the Wingfoot. It was direct antagonism on the part of military officials that led the Goodyear people to build (and test) the Wingfoot at the White City hangar instead of at Akron (company headquarters)."

Authorities offered many possible explanations for the disaster. The rotary engines gave off sparks and hot oil, either of which could have set the silk balloons aflame; static electricity in the tow line furnished the fatal spark. The Army's Major Maranzelle, more qualified than most to offer an opinion, was sure that friction between the silk balloons and the caused the disaster.

None of the theories was ever proven conclusively.

As for the surviving members of the dirigible's crew.

Despite favorable testimony by many witnesses, Jack Boettner was formally charged with performing flights that endangered the lives of his passengers. But the case against him was a very poor one. The trial was postponed, and in the interval, the bloody South Side race riots broke out in Chicago. The courts were flooded and Boettner's trial was never re-convened.

The pilot remained with Goodyear as the company rose to a position of eminence in the field of "lighter-than-air" craft in the U.S. Ten years after the disaster, when the famous Graf Zeppelin passed over Cleveland on a round-the-world tour, a flotilla of small U.S. Navy dirigibles accompanied it. The flagship of this event fleet was piloted by John A. Boettner. Today, Boettner lives in retirement in Florida.

**H**enry Wacker, the mechanic, remained in the hospital for months. Once recovered, he went back to work for Goodyear. A varied and colorful career in the aviation industry followed, including a number of years as plant manager for Bell Aircraft during World War II.

Each year, on July 21st, the anniversary of the crash, the white-haired Wacker, now 81, retired and living with his wife in Akron, Ohio, hangs out the cotton parachute that once saved his life. He opens it up, looks at the burn-holes in it, lets it sit out for a while, then folds it and puts it away again—memento of an encounter with disaster. ■ ■ ■



"Take it easy, big boy—you still have two hours before your oxygen runs out."



*"Take it easy, big boy—you still have two hours  
before your oxygen goes out."*

# BLONDE DOLLY: GIVEAWAY HARLOT OF AMSTERDAM

Continued from page 15

"We are full, mein Herr." Then a pause.

Wessel braced himself. "A room." Then he fell silent and waited. What he would have done if the clerk had again refused him is hard to guess. At He may very well have simply swallowed his chagrin and marched out of the place. But the clerk was cowed by the uniform. Five minutes later he returned, having put a party of Amsterdam businessmen out into the street. At the rumpus Dutchman came into the lobby, their eyes red-rimmed and their clothes flung hastily over their bodies, they eyed Wessel silently. They said nothing, however.

His gaze fixed stiffly before him. Wessel marched through the lobby with Dolly Niemann by his side. Wessel's face flushed red. But Dolly paid no attention. Her glance was falling around her, and her red mouth was wet with lip-licking. She had never seen anything like it: such rich brocade on the furniture; such a shine on the dark wood; such elegance in the rugs; such handsome crinkling glass in the chandeliers above. Her rapture was evident; and when they reached the room Wessel had gotten for her, it increased. Here was the fluffy, soft-as-down bed, the tiled bathroom with the chromium fixtures, the heavy curtains, the gilt wallpaper. It was much more than she had expected, and in a sudden burst of emotion she clasped the excited Wessel around the waist and cried, "Oh, if you buy this for me I will be yours forever."

For time she was to learn not to make such foolish remarks, but at the moment she was too busy testing the delights of the place to care what she said. As Wessel watched, nervous and excited, she dropped onto her bed, letting her skirt rise up as it would, revealing the supple, heart-breakingly smooth flesh of her legs and the rough white cloth of her underclothes. "Oh," she sighed, as if grievously wounded by her joy. "I love this so much." And shortly thereafter Obersturmbannerführer Wessel got his reward.

It was the only joy he was to have from Dolly. Four hours was all he was to have of her, though he did not know this. Still Wessel had a profound effect on Dolly Niemann and her meteoric career. For through him she learned the most important lesson of her life: she could get what she wanted through men.

Dolly did not really care for money. Later she was to give it away by the thousands of guilders, adding to her financial gifts an amazing devotion to old people, to poetry societies, to wayward girls, to scores of other underfortunates who were not respected by the mass streams of society. There was no hoarding instinct to her, no necessity to pile up the bank account, although in the end she accumu-

lated this, too. It was the things of the senses that mattered: chocolates in the month, sun on her handsome flesh, the smart crush of expensive lingerie under her body. It was, in the end, only her body that she worshipped.

After Wessel had left her for his day's work in Amsterdam, promising to return that night, Dolly wandered around her room in the Coppenhoffer Hotel, feeling the luxurious stuff around her. Four times she took showers, just for the warm, happy feel of water and slick soap on her skin. So she was very clean when Colonel General Furst knocked at the door.

She was also naked. She opened the door a crack. The General was broad-shouldered and beefy, running somewhat more to fat than he liked. His head was bald as a bullet, but the force of command was full in his face. He produced the imitation of a charming smile. "Fräulein Hepple?" His eyes ran up and down her body.

"Yes?" she asked.

He pushed the door open and stepped into the room. "They did not lie about you, that is plain. So much the better for them." Coolly he continued his inspection, his thumbs hooked into his broad, shining black belt.

She stepped back, not so much frightened as curious. "I don't think we've met," she said.

He laughed, sat down on the bed, and

an idiot, that Wessel. Half the people in the hotel saw you. Of course I heard." He patted her head. "Now come here."

But this was not Sebilla Niemann's game. She was either a brave woman or a fool. Colonel General Furst was a formidable man and he was backed by an even more formidable force: the might of the German army. That did not help his case. "No," she said. "Not yet. You must give me something."

Furst sat up, smiling. "Here, bitch," he shouted. "Now."

She stood still in the middle of the room, her hands on her lovely hips. "No," she pouted. "I must be treated with respect. My body must be honored."

His teeth clenched, his lips twisted in anger, he lunged from the bed and grabbed her arm to pull her toward him. Calmly she spoke. "All right, rape me." She laughed coarsely. "I don't mind. Only Wessel got better than that."

Chagrined, he let her go. "I didn't bring anything," he grunted in a surly way. "I'll bring something tomorrow."

She tipped her head in amusement. "That is all right. Merely honor my body. Come." She turned and went into the bathroom. Here she stepped into the shower, turned on the water, and stood in the fine spray, pinching her hands running swiftly over her full-fleshed body. Behind her came Colonel General Furst, puzzled and still somewhat angry, like a mastiff eyeing the precupine which stung its nose. "All right," he snapped. "What is this?"

She gazed at him. "Down," she said. "Down. Honor my body."

He stared at her uneasily. The sight of that handsome body made his mouth go dry and his limbs weak as wet noodles. He hesitated, and then he knelt at the shower, and stared up. "Enough!" he growled, ashamed of himself.

Her eyes grew dreamy. "Closer," she said. "Closer."

"But I'll get my uniform wet," he said. "Closer," she said.

A MOMENT later Colonel General Heinrich Furst was kneeling in the shower at the foot of a teen-ager. The water splashed off his bullet head, cascading in torrents down his immaculate uniform. He spluttered and his half-opened mouth dripped water. Still he stared up, and still Dolly Hepple stared down, her eyes dreamy, the ecstasy upon her. And then suddenly she leapt in the shower, overcome by the immensity of the honor her body had been paid. And shortly thereafter Colonel General Furst got his reward.

The information on both Obersturmbannerführer Wessel and Colonel General Furst was obtained from a Dutchman, Hans Halting, who was, during the co-



The boy peered through the crack in the wall and saw Dolly snoring in his body.

began to untie his shirt. "That doesn't matter. You belong to me now. I just bought you from the cheap Wessel for a thousand marks."

"And he was glad to sell me!"

Furst grunted, kicked off his shoes and lay back on the bed. "Of course not. But what could he do? In my army we have respect for rank." He yawned, and put his arms under his head. "He was

## "I don't want money," Dolly told the Dutch Underground worker who tried

expedition years, a member of the Dutch underground. Heiring made it his business to learn a great deal about Blonde Dolly; it is possible that he knows more about her than anyone outside of the Amsterdam police.

Heiring was a cobbler's son, who in 1942 was working at the trade. He was 21 then; he had considerable courage and a violent hatred of the German occupation.

TALKED to him recently in Amsterdam, where he now operates a bicycle repair shop—a big, new-born man with thinning red hair. He told me he'd gone to see Dolly a couple weeks after she had started her affair with Colonel General Furst. Furst had moved her from Lamsweerd to Amsterdam, where he was headquarters, setting her up in a suite of three rooms in a large hotel and surrounding her with the goddess she so heartily desired. When he walked in, Hans Heiring saw the incredible profusion of silks and other fine cloth scattered haphazardly around the room; the half-wasted boxes of chocolate and the partially chewed bits of scarce wartime fruit, the little treasure troves of gold and silver trinkets heaped up around on the tables; and of course the body of Dolly herself, reclining on the huge four-poster bed with the mattress so soft that she appeared half sunk into it. She was wearing only a negligee and was nibbling at a peach with her dainty white teeth, as if she did not so much want to eat it but play with it with her soft lips and tongue.

Heiring was carrying a large bag under his arm. She gazed at him. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Money," he cried in a loud voice. "A present?" she said. She looked at him idly and then turned back to the peach. "Put it on the floor over there," she said.

He crossed the room and knelt by her bed. She was surprised. "Don't disturb me," she said. "I'm being happy."

He set the box on the floor. "The box is empty, Frau Heppie."

She turned to gaze at him. "A trick?" "Listen," he said. His voice was low and intense. "You, I need you. He corrected himself. "You need you. He corrected himself. "You need you. You must do something for us. Understand? Do you understand?"

She turned to gaze at him. "A trick?" peach unattended in her hand. "Underground?" she asked politely.

He nodded.

"But I am not interested. Besides, what can I do for you?"

"Much," he said. "You know General Furst. Will you cooperate? Answer quickly, I don't have much time."

She shrugged. "I can't help." She went back to the peach. "I am just a little girl, I have my own interests."

He was growing angry. "Where," he blurted.

"Perhaps," she said calmly. "Nevertheless, I am happy."

He turned cold. "After the war you will be asked. I will see to it personally. You can count on it." His eyes were cold with fury. He moved to rise.

"That is a long time off," she said ha-

ily. "Besides, if you want favors of me you must offer something in return. Isn't that the way things are in life?"

His eyes narrowed and pointed down at her as she lay on the bed. "We have no money."

She shrugged. "I don't want money."

"What then?"

She turned to stare at him, a little of the dreamy excitement coming into her eyes. "Have you young men? Lots of them?"

He considered. "Yes," he said.

"All right then, perhaps we can do something after all."

A payment of the "young men" constituted perhaps the most serious offer made to a double-agent in World War II. But it suited Dolly, and that was all that mattered. She met them five miles outside the town toward Zaandam on the Noord Zee Kanaal. She came on her bicycle, riding into the dusk of the evening night—there was still enough of the farm girl in her at this time to make a five-mile ride a matter of innocent joy.

Hans Heiring met her at the edge of a woods. With him, hidden in among the trees, were eight young men of the Underground, carrying a collection of ill-assorted hunting weapons—ancient shotgun, scrappy Lee-Enfields left over from an earlier war, even a couple of percussion cap revolvers which had hung as souvenirs of sailing days in Dutch bosoms.

The eight men and the girl went into the thick woods and stopped under a huge oak tree. The setting sun came redly through the spring-budding branches.

Suddenly Dolly turned. "Hans," she said.

Hastily she undressed, handing her expensive clothing piece by piece to the young men, who folded it carefully and laid it on the ground around. Then she



"God!" the first general roared at the Dutchman. "You're trying to kill me!"

flung herself onto the ground, resting on one elbow, her head raised, staring about her.

The young men, silent and cautious, encircled her. They'd been informed of what they had to do. Slowly they knelt to a circle around her. Then, bowing deep from the waist, they saluted toward the naked woman below them, as if in deep humility and respect. In the cold air she

divorced. The red sun lay lightly on her body, making it glow with faint heat. Her blonde hair turned golden. Her lips half-parted. Her eyelids wavered in unusual pleasure. She murmured, "Again, again." The young men saluted again, and then a third time, and a fourth. And then Dolly Niemann rose, suffused with a happy glow, and accepted from the bearded man her clothing bit by bit, after which she got back on her bicycle and rode back to Amsterdam.

If the incident was an odd one, it was no odder than the general line of Blonde Dolly's career with the Dutch Underground. Sitting in his bicycle shop, his feet up on his workbench, eating a fat cheese and fish sandwich, Hans Heiring told me, "I don't think at any time she was really interested in her country, or in the war, or in anything else but that wonderful body of hers. She was, in a way, above all the business of the war and the rest of it. That was male business. It had nothing to do with her."

Heiring's interpretation is a reasonable one, but a suspicion still lurks that she did have some feeling for her country and its people, for she took some chances for the Underground which she might have avoided. One concerned Colonel General Furst.

At the beginning Heiring thought he could use Dolly to pump Furst for information. But then he decided that Dolly might give away too much. Her staple, straightforward attitude had a certain charm; but they were no good for the deviousness ways of spying. He concluded that, under the circumstances, the most satisfactory event for Holland would be the death of Furst, who had had several Dutchmen shot for minor matters. It might teach the occupying forces that they should tread warily if Furst turned up dead one sunny morning. The plan was for Dolly to lure Furst into the woods, where Heiring and others of the Underground would jump him. So Dolly approached General Furst. "Take me out," she pouted. "I am sick of being cooped up in this hotel."

"What do you want to go out for?" he asked. "There is nothing to do that you can't do better here."

"I just want to go out," she insisted.

"No," he said curtly. Whether he suspected something or whether he simply did not want to be seen on the street with her in an open question. Probably it was the latter. General Furst was a man of enormous pride; he may have suspected that people knew the humbling process he had to go through to keep Dolly happy, and he did not want to make himself a cause for common gossip.

THE plan failing, Heiring decided he would have to kill Furst in Dolly's hotel suite. Dolly protested against the idea; it was too risky, and besides there might be a struggle. "I don't want my nice things spoiled. I don't want blood on my lovely rug."

"I'll keep the blood to a minimum," Heiring promised. And so it was settled.

He came again as a messenger boy. She hid him in a closet in the bathroom. All

# to buy her help. She looked at him dreamily. "I want your young men."

day he watched on the close, last place, the worst snarl of blonde Dolly's clothing all around him, adding to his woes. Furst arrived at ten in the evening. "I haven't time for your foolishness tonight, Dolly," he announced abruptly. "Take off your clothes and let's go the house down."

"No," she protested. "Never, unless you know you can't get the right feeling unless you know in me first."

"Never mind that tomorrow," he said. Apparently his anger was up, and he was determined this time to get what he wanted without having to pay for it. "Get the clothes off or I will tear them from your body." He reached for her dress. Suddenly she pulled back. "Don't tear my pretty dress," she said calmly.

"In bed then," he snapped.

"It will be rape," she protested.

"Let it be rape," he glanced at his watch. "I have already wasted too much time. I have an important meeting in a half an hour. I must shower before I go," so Dolly acquiesced.

In the closet Heiring was waiting. Usually he listened to the rough, grunting movements of Furst in the bed, fingering the sharp-edged blade in his pocket. Then he heard Furst run and slam into the bathroom in a moment the shower rounded itself.

Now Heiring slipped from the chair, the sound of the water covering his movements. Dolly lay on the bed staring at him. She looked angry and bruised. He paid her no attention, but typed across the room and passed through the crack in the bathroom door. The shower curtain was pulled down. Under the bottom he could see the bare feet of General Furst. He ceased the door open. The General was speaking around nately. Heiring slipped inside, lifted his knife and pressed himself against the wall beside the shower. Then he reached across it with his feet and jammed down on the toilet handle. The cold water flushed and in the shower Furst let out a maddening scream as the water pouring across his skin turned suddenly steaming hot.

"You bitch," he shouted, stifling his head out of the curtain.

Heiring moved. The knife blade flashed downward, slashing as inch deep into the back of Furst's neck at a point just below the skull. It bounced up against Furst's shoulder, turning violently in Heiring's hand. Furst screamed and turned. Heiring slashed again, this time aiming for the chest. Again his accuracy was poor. The blade struck solidly against Furst's breastbone and snapped off short. With the force of the blow, Furst staggered back, his eyes wide, his mouth open. "My God, you're trying to kill me," he cried. Then he plunged forward.

Heiring's broken knife now came to a short quick and three inches from the handle. He slashed sideways. The jagged steel sliced across Furst's stomach, shredding the flesh and forcing the wind from his lungs. He slipped on the wet floor and sat down stupidly, clutching the wound and staring upward at Heiring. Heiring simply lifted his foot, driving it against the General's chin. The steel's hand snapped

back, stunned with a thick, hammering sound on the edge of the shower, and then fell lightly onto his chest. Blood began to pour out of his nose. Now Heiring began to kick his head methodically as if it were a soccer ball, banging it so that it hammered back time against the tile base of the shower. After a few minutes of this the side of the General's head was soft and shapless like a decayed apple and Heiring stopped. General Furst was quite dead.

He wrapped him in some of Dolly's clothing, making a fat heavy bundle. Dolly was gone, and she fluttered about Heiring as he did the job.

"My nice new gown," she cried.

But Heiring had a job to do, and he ignored her. When he was finished he wiped the body around heavily. Then he dragged the body to the window, set it up on a table so that it lay at window level, and coiled the rope around the feet.

"I'll go now," he said. "When you hear a tick horn knock throw out the rope. And close up the blind to the bathroom when you get a chance."

A half-hour later Heiring drove under the window with a heavy truck, borrowed from a farmer outside the city. The back was hooped up with masts, in which a fat had him dog. He backed up under Dolly's window two stories above. Dolly turned down the loose end of rope and Heiring jerked the body down into the minute pile and covered it over.

Dolly watched from the window. "Aches to snort," she murmured, and "dust to dust."

One weakness Dolly assured more the death of a hated Nazi general or her chance to indulge in a Biblical question about it. She probably enjoyed both. General Furst had had a habit of pinching her. She did not mind the pain, but she did not like her body bruised. And her love for the "poster" was probably another aspect of this same animosity.

For the next several months Dolly accompanied Success came early. She sat in the hotel bar drinking a Vermont Cassis for a half-hour every evening around in somebody always showed up; sometimes a Dutch collaborator who had money, sometimes a visiting businessman from Germany, but most often one of Hitler's troops.

This was one of Dolly's happiest periods, but still it was a little against her grain. She did not like to have to go out after her men; she preferred to remain in her room and let the men come to her, bringing gifts.

As her taste for ancient ruin at this time encompassed a certain Greek myth as well the Bible, she might have been forewarned against Paul Laniel, who did have her gifts—but they were of the Trojan variety and almost destroyed her.

Paul Laniel was a French collaborator, later to be executed by his own countrymen for the murder of Resistance fighters. His crimes were made public in 1945, and it is now known that Blanche Dolly signed only briefly in what was a sordid, half-angry life.

In November, 1943, when he met Dolly,

Laniel was just 25—a pale, thin-faced aristocrat who looked like a poet or a painter, but was actually the sort of confused personality whom psychologists call auto-sensitist. He loved to ventriloquist, helpless things. And he loved to be lost in return.

He met Dolly in an Amsterdam cafe. The Nazis allowed him his official income to return for information on his countrymen, which Laniel was willing to do provided he was permitted to observe through a secret window the tortures which inevitably followed.

When he offered to take Dolly home she showed him. He spoke easily of Bloothoven and Rembrandt and was, she thought, the first "nice boy" she'd met. They went to her room. A fine dew of sweat on his pale brow, Laniel paced nervously, smoked cigarettes and watched Dolly undress. Suddenly he turned to her. "May I heat you with my hair?" he said politely. "I'll pay well."

She stared at him. "No, I don't think so."

He shook his head. "It is too good if I don't."

She shrugged. "I don't like my body bruised," she said. "It makes me angry to have marks on it." He nodded and went on smoking, the cigarette dangling from his full lips. "But you can watch me shower if you like," she said.

He smiled vaguely. Naked bodies meant nothing to Paul Laniel. He wanted something more. Confused, he stood by the shower, watching her leave her suit, warm flesh. When she was finished, she scrutinized him, and the dreamy look came into her eyes. "Lie down," she said, "on the floor."

She hesitated, then he lay on the water-matting thin where rest long before General Furst had had his brains kicked out. Impulsively Dolly stepped forth from the shower. Steeping on his supine body she twirled herself carefully. He neither wriggled nor cried out. Quiet and humbled, he lay still, enjoying the humility of his position. When she had finished twirling she simply walked down along his body and into the bedroom. She said nothing, nor did he speak. Rising on hands and knees he crawled after her and then lay at her feet as the act on the bed. She put her feet on his back, and thus standing, dressed herself in her fringed-white nightgown. Then she lay on the bed. "Laniel beside me," she murmured drowsily. "With your arms outstretched over me." Then she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

For two hours he knelt beside her, his arms held out before him. The effort was maddening. His muscles were aching, and his lips raw from his teeth where he had bitten through them. All the while Dolly lay asleep and oblivious of the torture the young man was enduring for her.

Then suddenly he collapsed beside her. When she awoke he was lying still and staring at her, a happy smile on his face. "I want to stay with you always," he whispered intensely.

She nodded. "You're a nice boy," she said.

They were, in their strange way, afraid.

to each other. He brought her things; anything she asked for she could have. He moved her out of the Amsterdam hotel, took her to Desoville on the French Riviera and installed her in a small estate belonging to his family. Through his German connections he got her a car and a chauffeur. He brought her beautiful linens and jewelry. Once he had an enormous cake baked in the shape of a small bed. It was covered thick with rich white icing and cluttered with roses from which the theme had been carefully picked. He put it under the shade of the grape arbor and had her lie down in this sticky room after which he poured several quarts of champagne over her. Afterwards Dolly had the ruined cake cut into small pieces and handed around to the children of Desoville.

She spent a year in Desoville, and then the war began to draw to a close. By 1943 Paul Laniel found his German connections falling. His things were tight; a strange, unless emotionally wounded young man like Laniel might have been assuming what times were flush, but when his money ran out, he became increasingly more irritating. He came to Dolly in desperation. "I need money. You have to get me money."

**S**he shrugged. "Where could I get money?"

"Sell yourself. That is not new to you," "I have never sold myself for money," she said. "I give myself to men who will offer me things for my body."

Laniel was not uninterested. He began to move through the German command circles, making his pitch. He would supply a marvelous girl. Money was not so valued, only gifts. He did not make his market exactly clear to Dolly. He simply told her that since he could no longer tempt her with the high house she demanded, he was sending her now into the world. A steady stream of German officers came to her.

But as the months of 1944 rolled away, the Germans rolled away with it. One day they were simply gone from Desoville and British tanks were clanking heavily in the streets. White-faced and trembling, Paul Laniel stood at the window fear-stricken, whispering over and over, "But they mustn't find me, Dolly, they mustn't find me."

Dolly lay on a blue chaise longue in a bathing suit, before the open French door, letting the summer sun warm her body. You should go to Paris and hide, Paul, she said noncommittally. "You are not obvious here. Everyone knows you've been playing with the Germans."

He stared at her in a state of shock. So have you. We must both go to Paris.

She shook her head. "I don't want to go."

"There'll about you, just as they are going to shoot me," he said gloomily.

She smiled. "I don't think so," she said quietly.

The British found her only seven hours after his battalion had taken over the town. The unit was the 7th Scottish Guards. It had fought south through

France, sweeping down through Toulouse and Montpellier to cut the Germans off from the sea. The men had fought hard. They were dirty and they were tired, and they were in no mood to take back talk from anybody.

The British officers made this plain. He was Major John Culcotti-Kinney, cousin by marriage of the Duke of Hertfordshire, cousin of the Duke of Argyll. A tall, thin young man with a sandy mustache, he managed, even in the worst of the fighting, to have a press in his trousers and a clean shirt every day.

He stood at the French door, gazing at Dolly as she lay in the sun, her blue bathing suit unbuttoned and sultry black so that she could tan all over. "Where's the man?" he said sweetly.

She shrugged. "I don't know." She gazed at him curiously but did not rise from the sofa.

Major Culcotti-Kinney gestured to the corporal behind him. "Take some men and search the place." He turned back to Dolly. "You're not French," he said.

"Dutch," she said. And you landed with the Germans without conviction."

"I have only one commodity to sell. I have to take it into the marketplace. I cannot help it if only the Germans could afford to buy."

"The Major eyed her astutely. "Many others were bought instead. Get on your feet, you slut. You're my prisoner."

But instead of standing she rolled up and knelt on the chaise longue. Her blonde hair cascaded down across her bare shoulders, and her bathing suit fell away to her waist, allowing her lean flat breasts to rise through the mass of shimmering hair. Her belly, softly curving, bared the line of her bathing suit where it stopped abruptly at her hip-line. She grinned. "Come, Major, arrest me." She held out her hand.

"I say there, Culcotti-Kinney begins, "Put on some clothes. You look disgusting."

She sprawled forward on the bed, her rump upraised, her chin in her hands. "Disgusting? What a strange idea," she said. Her eyes flashed. Then suddenly she rose from the bed and kicked off the bathing suit. For a moment, her hands clamped over her head, her lower breast to let her hips swing in a slow gentle arc; she faced him, smiling lightly. Then she turned and walked away. "I'll be up in the master bedroom when you want me," she said. Repeatedly, Culcotti-Kinney would only watch her walk away.

She was finally arrested. But not before she committed one more extraordinary act that cost Major Culcotti-Kinney his majority. Odd as they seem, the facts of the matter are indisputable. Testimony on record at the station house at Desoville for the date of August 7th, 1944 is full and complete. It went something like this:

The British found Paul Laniel immediately, hiding in the stann laundry in the basement of his Desoville estate. He cowered with his fingertips at the troops who dragged him up the stairs and through his own garden. He stopped shak-

ing only when he caught sight of Culcotti-Kinney standing behind him by a vacant chaise longue.

His pale face grew fever-like under a film of sweat. "Major, you mustn't forget to arrest the woman, too. I'll let them know." His voice rose in pitch to a scream. "I'll tell you now, Major. I'll tell you now." Then the soldiers dragged him away, and Major Culcotti-Kinney went upstairs.

He found Dolly lying on her bed, entirely naked. Her chin cupped in her hands, watching the disappearance of Paul Laniel through a window. "Poor Paul," she murmured sympathetically. "She always chooses the losers."

Culcotti-Kinney stared down at her usual, curving form. "I suggest that you too choose the losers."

She turned over on her back and stared up at him. "Oh no," she said. "The winners choose me." She smiled. "To the victor belong the spoils." She raised one leg and stroked it affectionately. "I am the spoils."

Angry with himself, Major Culcotti-Kinney crossed the room and slammed the window shut. They, right-handed he began scooping up all of Dolly's clothing that lay scattered about the room. He strode to the door and changed it to the hall. Then he turned on her. "I'll attend to you this evening." He yanked the door closed and locked it. Behind him he could hear to his shame Dolly's tinkling laughter.

It is not precisely clear how the American Captain James Spinks got involved. Spinks was attached to the 7th Scottish Guards as liaison. All that is known is that he and Culcotti-Kinney were friendly. From a close reading of the Desoville testimony it appears that Kinney was attempting to protect Spinks.

In any case, Culcotti-Kinney and Spinks went back to the chateau at evening. Dolly lay on the bed as they had left her, the soft warm sun falling through the net-spread she had covered herself with, lighting her skin to a golden brown. She looked up when they came in. "I'm hungry," she said.

Spinks stared at her and whistled. "You going to arrest her, Major?"

Culcotti-Kinney stroked his little mustache. "Not at the moment," he said.

**T**here was champagne in the cellar, and a heap of expensive canned goods, pheasant, ham, caviar and other things which neither of the officers had seen for some months. They got gloriously drunk. Twilight thickened. They took Dolly out on the back lawn where she lolled most on the grass. The officers amused themselves by spitting mouthfuls of champagne on her naked flesh and making drunken suggestions. As the sun began to go down, the inevitable moment of truth came. Dolly stood up. "But, gentlemen," she smiled innocently, "which of you has precedence?"

The Major, of course, Captain Spinks said quickly.

"Don't be stupid, Captain," Culcotti-Kinney murmured. "I defer to England's oldest friend and noblest ally."

Dolly shrugged. Then she began to wander slowly across the broad lawn

**Money began to interest Dolly greatly in 1950. So she invited several**

of twilight hours "On your marks, gentlemen," she cast over her shoulder.

Laughing, the two officers arched down on the turf in the imitation of a runner's posture. "Get set," Dolly shouted. The two men sprang up to charge from the mark.

"Get" she cried triumphantly, spreading her arms wide to leave her body to them. The men rose up to run. And then from the brush at the end of the yard there came up a tremendous shout, and out onto the grass staggered a half-drunken drunken tumbler, shouting wildly for the mayor.

That was when the British M.P.'s, the headlights of their motorcycles cutting across the male women, the running laughing officers and the giggling tumbler, rushed onto the lawn.

The war ended there and then for Dolly Nitemans. The trial that followed, in which Paul Lami alternately screamed vilification on Dolly and nobled out his penitence-taking this blame for everything—was half-farce, half-tragedy. What saved Dolly was a telegram sent by Major Collett-Kinney, who had a stake in her innocence of collaborationism, to British intelligence in Amsterdam. The wire he received in return read: UNDERGROUND FORCES HERE STATE DOLLY NITEMANS INSTRUMENTAL IN KILLING OF GEN HEINRICH FURST RECOMMEND CLEMENCY. That did the trick. Nobody wanted to hang Dolly very much, anyway.

The devoted thread of Dolly Nitemans' esteem toward the Amsterdam morgue faded at this point. There is some evidence that she carried her trade to Paris, and again to Belgium.

By the summer of 1945 Dolly was definitely back in her old stand in Amsterdam. Despite the incidents in France, her reputation was solid. She was whispered to have been the "war's greatest female spy," an Underground leader, a courier for the British, and a lot of other things which were simply not true. Truth didn't matter. Men loved her as an exciting woman, and built up her reputation on very little, whenever necessary.

Through the next four years Dolly amassed a good deal of money. The full listing of her assets, as revealed on her death, show that in August of 1950 she purchased some \$18,000 worth of Swiss government bonds, along with a half-share in a chain of supermarkets. This marked a change in her attitude. She had not noticeably cared for money before. Now she apparently grew enough concerned about it to invest in relatively stable securities, as if she felt old age would soon be upon her. Yet in 1952, she was still only 53 years old.

**M**ONEY BEGGED IN different bar even more the next year. She bought a house on Stadhouderinde on the Singel Canal, meeting out the general level and keeping for herself a no-nonsense suite on the second floor. This she filled with fluff. The furniture was to long sofas and large beds, for Dolly never stood when she could sit, and never sat when she could lie down. Rich-furred carpets, thick



Purched on a legend carried by four drunken men, Dolly handed out liquor to her clients. The men who filled her with money could win her.

as a good host, can well do well in all corners.

All of this cost money. Nonetheless, Dolly was loathe to make a true professional of herself. She indulged in calling herself a "host woman," even though some of her keepers could only manage two days at a time. She was not—she believed herself—a prostitute.

And so she arranged the best of a meter of what an American might call "box lunches." Tendering approved invitations to a select group of local businessmen, interspersed with visitors from as far away as Canada and Australia, she collected together a dozen men at a time. The table was set lavishly with pressed duck à l'orange, and the champagne was first class. The men were ushered into the dining room by maids dressed solely in short red dresses which came well above the knee, dainty slims with heels on the toes, and nothing above the waist. Vestly to the margins of the guests—a distinguished company, and dressed to the nines—the ladies did not at first appear. At the invitation of the maids, the men overcame their mystification and began to eat and drink. The champagne went round, followed by the marvelous dinner, Amusingly hearty and clear. Heavy cigars. Life took on a new glow—say enough, as the entire Dolly knew, to prevent her guests from overeating much about the marrow.

Then, when the glow was at its height, she suddenly appeared. She was wrapped in a single piece of sheer pink silk ten feet long. It was pulled tight around her body, marking each sweet curve and throat of flesh. She was lying on a long, light bed, carried by four masked men, and several her, heaped up on her flesh, was a vast variety of the fruit she loved so much: Brice's pears, succulent peaches, clusters of red and white grapes. Like a tray of goodies she was passed around

the room, so that the men could each ingest a bit of dessert feast, and not—incidentally get a good close look at the stunning woman it surrounded. Then, when the men had each had his turn, she clapped her hands. The maids moved rapidly among the guests, distributing small wooden boxes, each carefully worked with mother-of-pearl inlay.

"Gentlemen," Dolly announced, "we will play a little game. Each of you will place something of value in the boxes—if you choose, of course. How much you care to offer in homage to my body is your decision. Remember, generosity will be rewarded. The most generous among you is invited to spend a week with me. The next in order shall have three days. The third shall have a night. The rest—ah well, there will always be another time. And now I leave you to your beauty and cigars. Good evening, gentlemen." And her hands swept her from the room.

As a money-gathering device, nothing could have been more successful. To the lure of sex Dolly had added the afterglow of a fine meal and the gambler's excitement of the hot odds; the boxes were almost to mind what it had cost.

**T**HESE lunches supplied Blanche Dolly with funds to indulge not only her body but her soul. Beginning in 1930-1931, she made periodic visits to Amsterdam's houses for the aged, bringing with her hundreds of florin bills over from the previous night's exploits and a rare talent for singing lyrics. Though her means of livelihood were well known to the Dutch press, reporters simply ignored everything. She was, in them, and thousands of other readers, Amsterdam's "lucky girl"—a young mystery-girl who brought success to the indigent.

Her patronage of local poetry societies she date from this period. Her slender volumes of verse—all composed by young

wealthy men to her home for a series of what she called "box lunches."



## After a riotous week with Van Nooven, she finally told him what payment

man between the ages of 19 and 24—bear the imprint of Dolly Publishers, Inc., and can still be found in the city's public libraries. Dutch printers, suddenly brought into the limelight after Dolly's murder, told reporters she had forked the entire bill for the publication of these books, at an estimated cost of \$15,000 each. To a man, all critics have labeled the poetry as "worthless." A sample of their titles: *Hommage To Seville, Garland For A Goddess, Queen Of Art And Darkness*, etc.

Meanwhile, the grimmer part of Dolly continued to feed on the "tunches" brought to her by the less artistically endowed businessmen at the house on Stadhouder-shade. But there were problems. Occasionally, there was a poor sport among the losers. One of these was Piet Van Nooven, a not overly bright small-time Belgian shipping magnate. Thin, long-nosed, red-faced from a diet of alcohol, he was usually nervous and unhappy. He never missed one of Dolly's dinners when he could avoid it, and he never won. Apparently a weak strain in him prevented him ever from being quite lavish enough.

Dolly was hardly ever aware of him. She had seen him, of course; but only for those brief moments when the car was carried about on the fruit tray. She was surprised, then, when he walked into her apartment one day (in the fall of 1952, brushing past the maid who was attempting to keep him out. His eyes were red-rimmed, and he had been drinking considerably.

**S**he greeted him from the sofa where she had been drowning in the sun in a light negligee. "Captain Van Nooven," she said sleepily. "I'm resting now."

He trembled when he spoke. "I insist on seeing you."

"Not now, not now," she murmured, brushing at a fly buzzing around her.

"No." He was adamant, but plainly scared of his own boldness.

She sat up. "All right, what is it?" she said crossly. She was angry at having her dose disturbed.

"I—you owe me something," he said.

"Oh?"

"I'm going broke. I—" He looked wildly around the room. "My company is doing badly. I've spent more than \$9,000 guilders on you, and I have nothing for it. Here." He shoved toward her a scrap of paper on which were written some illegible figures totalling 22,400 guilders—some \$4,000 in American money.

She brushed the paper away. "So. You played the game, you lost. You must either bet higher or stop gambling."

He shook his head wildly. "There is to be no more next time. My company is sinking. In a month I will be ruined. And so you must give me something for my money. One night," he cried desperately. "One night is all I ask. I beg it of you." He fell on his knees before her, his hands clutched together, his eyes pleading. Then his voice dropped to a whisper. "I'll kill myself if you don't. And I'll kill you, too, I swear I will."

"Stand up and take it like a man," she said querulously.

He bowed his head. "I am no longer a man." And then he added irrationally, "I think I will kill myself anyway."

She had to get him out of the house, that was plain. And a queer, curious thought was clutching at her, a thought that made anything else that had happened to her seem pretty. Her voice got throaty, and she fingered the edge of her negligee. "You say you will kill yourself anyway?"

His head was still bowed. "I think so. I think perhaps I will."

"Would you sacrifice yourself, really, for my body?" There was an odd, strained cordancy in her voice.

He noted it, and looked up. "Yes," he whispered harshly. "Yes."

She reached out her hand. "For that I will give you a week. And then—But you must promise."

It was an extraordinary week for both of them. According to the testimony of one of the maids, both appeared to be in a state of high ecstasy. Neither she

nor Van Nooven slept more than a few hours at a time. They drank champagne and brandy continuously, and they ate at curious hours. Dolly paid for everything. The maid thought at the time that this was unlike her mistress, but she said nothing. Sometimes, when she came into clean a room she would find Van Nooven, his eyes deep-crimed, sitting in a stupor, staring at Dolly's naked body, while Dolly lay on the bed, occasionally turning her head to look at him in an odd way.

**D**uring this time Van Nooven's family in Brussels was frantically begging police to find him. They knew of the falling business. They suspected that he had already killed himself, or had perhaps had a nervous breakdown and run off. And even as police tracked him down, time was drawing to a close.

At the end of the week Dolly called her I.O.U. In a black Mercedes which Dolly rented, they drove out into the countryside around Muiden, to the east of the city. In a fever of excitement they went together into a woods. There, while Dolly lay on the ground beneath the tree, her hands trembling, her eyes half-closed in intense pleasure, Van Nooven hung himself from a high branch. For fifteen minutes Dolly watched his body dangle in the breeze above her, then the wind chilled her, and she went home.

The death of Van Nooven was ticked off as an ordinary business suicide. It was not until much later that the real story came out. But there was one man who guessed at it.

His name was Waltheu Boerelman. He was German by descent, Dutch by preference. A short, stubby man, with coarse black hair and a thick bull-like body, he spoke very little. He worked as janitor in Dolly's building, carrying out the ashes and scrubbing down the halls. He was, as it turned out later, almost totally illiterate—beyond writing his name in a thick, childish scrawl and reading a few simple directions. At Dolly's request, when the coroner offered him a newspaper, he could manage to make out only a few of the headlines. The papers spoke of him as "The Beast Boerelman." But that had mostly to do with his looks. There appeared to be in him a strain of gentleness that can only be called perverse.

From time to time he and Dolly saw each other in the halls or on the sidewalk. Dolly began tipping him something extra to come in during his spare time and do odd jobs for her: carrying out the trash (a vast amount of which always seemed to accumulate in her apartment), and doing heavy lifting when she wanted to rearrange the furniture, something she had the usual feminine penchant for. In time they became friendly. He called her Miss Dolly, and she called him Waltheu, and sometimes she would let him come into the living room and drink a cup of coffee laced with brandy with her. Occasionally, Dolly appears never to have demanded anything of him, not he of her.

On the evening of January 26th, 1953 or thereabouts, the following conversation took place. The date cannot be ascertained exactly, because Boerelman, unable to



All that night, Daniel had to kneel with his arms extended over Dolly's sleeping body. His agony was excruciating but the sadistic habit was planned.

# was due her. She wanted to watch the bankrupt financier hang himself.

And, never was absent from his duties. Daily was lying in bed, eating aspirin for a headache. "You heard with things, Waltham," she said. "Tell me something interesting to do."

He shrugged. "Maybe you better get a good man, like Dolly. Never mind these bad fellows."

She laughed. "It isn't a good man I want, it's a bad one—a really bad one."

He shook his head solemnly. "That's not good, Miss Dolly. You have had some before. They got you in trouble." He pointed. "Like Van Hoooven."

Her eyes opened suddenly wide. The Van Hoooven business had been months before. What do you know about Van Hoooven, Waltham? she demanded.

He shrugged. "He was not good for you, Miss Dolly."

She sat up in bed. "What do you know about him?" she demanded.

But he would say nothing more except that Van Hoooven had "not been good" for her. The incident was closed, it went in theory. Dolly, however, should have been more conscious of Waltham Smithman's account for her. It was to matter a great deal.

Nevertheless, business continued. It became 1914, and then 1915. Several things were happening to Dolly. For one thing, she was beginning to show the first signs of physical decay. There was nothing, of course, that was a drastic problem. She was only in her mid-thirties. But she had done no physical work for years. She had drunk a lot of champagne, she had eaten a lot of rich food, and she had known a lot of men. Pictures of her of this period show just the faint beginnings of emaciation at the neck and around the eyes.

But more than physical decay was her emotional decay. No longer, it is about, was she interested in money solely as an object of honor for her body. The powerful clutch of greed had begun to grip at her entrails. She was beginning to wish poison, to grow querulous with malice if they wasted a few cents' worth of liquor. She was seeking her money pay, as Swiss brokers who did not care to ask where she got it. It is a man she was growing jealous. She needed more excitement, she needed more thrills, in a way it was too bad that the Van Hoooven incident had come so early in her career. It left her dissatisfied with other men.

Nonetheless, she tried. There was the money-giving incident, for one. This involved a pair of business partners, brothers, who had been her called here the Messrs. Schmidt. They were brothers, men in their forties, and they had made a new thing of a half-built expert house. They were introduced to Dolly, and they began visiting her, always at a restaurant. They were prosperous, looking, slightly fat, always immaculately dressed, and half-fellow-well-met in the best halls. Underneath, however, they were filled about women. They appeared afraid to see Dolly alone.

To Dolly's delight, they were also tight-lipped. It annoyed her that they should sit around her apartment, eating her food, and affording only small, carefully calculated

sums for her favors, which she demanded in a brief and haughty manner. She determined to get something from them. Therefore, when next they visited she carefully watched her body with perfection, appeared more choice champagne, and slipped a bundle of beauty onto the table beside her glass. When they consumed she passed the champagne. With her body biding her actions, she splashed a little of the beauty in the bottom of the glass. Then she went to work to bring them to a fever pitch. Plying the brandy against champagne, she danced around the room in slow languorous movements, gradually shifting her clothes. From time to time she whisked her lovely body close against them, and then pulled away. "A special treat, fellows," she cried gaily. "We will have a special treat, and only for once."

"That's all," the delighted brother stepped in, interrupted by.

"That's all," she said. "A simple thing. You have merely to buy me to court. Then I shall be yours to share for the night."

The brothers Schmidt rushed out to turn a few quibbles into cash. And Dolly passed herself. The Dutch coin is worth about a quarter of the American one. It takes thousands of them to run in any kind of money: 40,000, for example, amounts only to a hundred dollars. This the brothers Schmidt knew.

As they left, Dolly hastened to her safe. Taking a sharp stiletto knife, she slipped a small hole in it, which passed through into the springs and then on out below. Under the hole she laid a blanket, to deflect the sound. The things across the safe's edge would safely cover the blanket from view.

She lay down, shortly the brothers returned, carrying a basket of coins, perhaps 600 worth. "Pour it over me," she shouted. Happily they did so. The coins showered down over her. "More," she shouted. "But have a drink first."

They did; and then they went for more coins. It was only the second of many, many trips. Exhausted and sweating, they legged the blanket of coins up to the apartment and dumped it over her naked body. When they went for another trip Dolly simply swept what they had brought through the hole in the safe. Unfaded, they hoisted 500 gulden on her before she took pity on them; and then, so tired were they they fell into a drunken sleep even before they could enjoy their reward.

Up until this point Dolly had always paid for what she wanted. But she was now beginning to find that only the tears shed her, only bringing some pain and deep humility to her men could satisfy her gluttonous need for sensation. The same games: gambling games, with the dice loaded against her men, driving games, in which the winner inevitably was too drunk to make use of his victory; physical exercises which made her husbandmen look foolish and grew weak in her sight.

The action of the just, however, over a stunt she performed with a visiting American industrialist with an interest in bull-hornings, and his German companion. The two gentlemen, whom she shall call An-

dreus and Werner, visited Dolly's at the request of the German, Werner, who was anxious to show his visitor a good time. Dolly welcomed them in delighted tones, yawned and stretched. "I feel exquisite tonight, gentlemen. But I suppose the expense account will take care of it?"

Werner, grey-haired and somewhat portly, glanced at Andreus, whose clouded spectacles glistened at the end of his nose as he watched the unfathomable beauty of Dolly dance under her light slouch dress. "Perhaps your expense account will cover some of that," he said.

Andreus nodded. He was not to be denied what he could see.

She sent them out then for gulden notes. "Lots of them, hundreds of them," she cried. "And some pounds, I think. They mustn't be large ones, since we are going to throw them away."

Feeling foolish, the men went out. In an hour they returned with a thousand gulden notes, which they counted in a wicker money basket, and a glowing handful of good middle-class and various other banknotes, perhaps worth \$100. "Now what?" Andreus muttered sheepishly.

Dolly gestured grandly. "You see my days," she said. "Leave the gifts on that side of the room. When I call for them, you may bring them to me."

Andreus started to protest. She cut him short. "As you wish," she said. "But—" Rapidly she flung the dress over her head and stood before them naked except for her white felled garters. Andreus's indignance collapsed.

Embarrassed and feeling humiliated, the two wealthy industrialists looked across the room and fell on their hands and knees. Dolly moved to the window. "Work," she cried. "Let's see if you've got the spirit."

They bowed softly. "Ladies, gentlemen, you can do better than that." The men began to lay furiously. When they showed signs of awakening Dolly merely switched her hips and they gushed up the volume again. "More," she cried gaily, "fellow."

Andreus reached his hand into the money, and began to take some out. "No, no. You see days. With your mouths, like good dogs. That's right, fuck."

As he, humiliated and sweating, the two men began to crawl across the floor, clutching money and jewels in their mouths. When they reached Dolly at the window she pulled them bodily as the hands, took up the valuables, and then thrust out the window. "Hey down there," she cried. "Here it is." And she began flinging the money into the street.

The gustiness of the St. Pauli wind was absolute. Men ran, clutching, pushing for the money floating through the air. As fast as the "dogs" could snatch turned her, anguished at the sight of their money thus wasted, Dolly flung the bills into the street. And then she made her master stroke. Blowing her lovely profile at the window so that the full stream of her breasts, half-covered by her long shimmering blonde hair was plainly visible, she shouted. The men who bring me up the most money wins me for a night."

In the room the men were still on their hands and knees shuffling wearily across the floor when the cops came.

So there was, then, another attempt at disturbing the peace, and the story, of course, got into the newspapers. Not all of it: there was no intention to embarrass the visiting industrialists, who after all were throwing good money into the country; but some got in, and any reporter for the Amsterdam papers can tell you the rest. Dolly was not reticent about the offer, which she considered a magnificent joke.

By such antics as these Dolly managed to keep herself out of the common prostitute class almost until 1937. She made money; she did not absolutely have to give herself to anyone. In fact, according to the list of her assets for March 10, 1937 she was worth something approximating \$100,000. This sum, of course, like a great deal of money, but Dolly was living on the income from the investments. Her brother says, "She was acutely, almost painfully conscious of the necessity of piling up her money while she could

her nerves. Finally she staid, "I must dry off," she said patently "Go into the other room."

He did not even appear to notice what she had said.

"I must dry," she said. He waved at her vaguely, picked up a magazine from the rack beside the chair, and said, "Go ahead." He fell to turning the pages in an idle manner.

Dolly gave up. Climbing out of the tub she began to rub her body sensuously with the rough towel. From the corner of her eye she watched Hans Weil. He never once looked up, but continued with her magazine. She was more than a little annoyed. Flinging down the towel, she stamped out of the bathroom and began to dress quickly.

After a moment Weil rose and followed

He never sent her gifts, never sent her flowers, or the baskets of fruit she so much enjoyed having around. He did not ask to stop her other activities, but strangely he never arrived when another man was in the place. He knew when Dolly had visitors: for he took the simple precaution of having a full-time watch kept on the place in the Stadhouderade.

"And why," she asked him, "do you want to marry me?"

"It is time I was married," he said. "I want a son. But I like the best, and you are the best. You would give my son beauty, I would give him intelligence."

She laughed in his face. "He, a son? Don't be silly."

But she was interested. "You never bring me things," she complained. "I only like the man who knows me, who knows my

**L**IVING over her stock purchases for the two years following 1935, one can see how wildly she was ascending. In 1938, for example, she saved \$20,000. Since she was probably spending at least that much a year, it is plain that her income was in the higher levels.

And she was working harder for it. She was no longer a feeble young girl. At 28, with ten years of heavy living behind her, she was coming more and more to face cream and low color skin. She never had much hair. Dolly's pleasure was to indulge her body; the indulgence was beginning to show.

Then, on April 6, 1937, Hans Weil came into her world. Weil was something of a mystery man in Amsterdam. He had plenty of money, but his business affairs were obscure.

Instantly he was antipathetic with remorse: he was a diamond smuggler, purple and, or a white-slaver, or he had made a fortune in the black market during the war. Physically, Weil attracted women. He was tall, straight, with a fierce and heavy head topped by steel gray hair. He was also a cripple. Somewhere he had lost a leg, and despite the expensively articulated mechanical leg he wore, he limped when he walked.

He came to Dolly in the middle of the afternoon. She was lying in her tub, the smooth shaven of her skin wet with soap bubbles. She was curious; she asked him to sit. He sat in the comfortable easy chair which Dolly kept in her large bathroom for the convenience of visitors, looking calmly around. "So," he said finally. "You're the notorious Dolly Nierman."

She lifted a leg, ostensibly to soap it. "I am. No more, no less."

He smiled. "You're well off, I understand."

She shrugged. "I have enough. But not so much as you, I think."

He smiled, and stroked his chin. "Perhaps not. But then that would not be unusual." Then, comfortably and calmly he leaped into the tub and simply started. Dolly waited. His long fingers got on

Fastened by Dolly's fingers, he shoved a wet of handkerchiefs down her throat to try to quiet her. The broken breaststroke was an afterthought.

her. In the bathroom he sat, crossed his legs calmly and watched her dress. Then suddenly he said, "Do you know why I've come?"

He shrugged. "It doesn't matter to me."

He smiled. "I came," he said calmly, "to see if I would like to marry you."

Dolly stopped dead in her movements, her bracelets dangling from her hands. "What?" she said incredulously.

"I came to see if I want to marry you."

"And do you?" He looked back and clasped his hands behind his head. "Yes," he said, with the same, impenetrable calm.

He burst out laughing. "My God, what an idea. Me, a housewife. I can't stand it." And she collapsed onto the floor in a fit of giggles. She was still giggling a moment later when Weil picked her up, carried her to her bed, calmly stripped her of her clothing, and made love to her in a sudden and almost frighteningly self-assured fashion.

Thereafter his was odd, to say the least. Weil came and went as he chose

body. I have used of nothing else."

He shook his head. "You're too old for such childishness now." He purred. "We would make a handsome couple the one-legged would with the bad reputation and the classic prostitute. The idea amuses me."

Dolly could not decide. And then, finally, she talked to the ugly, smooth-skinned janitor, Willem Baartman.

"What about it, Willem?" she asked. "He wants to marry me. He is rich; I would not have to worry of money. I would have to give him a son, but I could get through that." She grinned. "I could have made I would not have to see the child very often." She shook her head. "He never brings me things, Willem. He does not know me properly. Should I allow that?"

**W**ALTMAN was drinking the usual brandy-spiked coffee, when he spoke it was slowly. "He is a bad man, Miss Dolly. He will not do the nice things for you."

And then quite suddenly his face turned livid, contorted with rage. His veins crackled and tearing with emotion, he



By 1957, Dolly was worth \$100,000 and was well on her way to a million.

shouted, "Never, never, never." Then he rose and fled from the room.

The maid who witnessed the foregoing and later testified to it, added that Dolly was momentarily shocked. Then she said, "Poor Boerkman, he is getting crazy. I cannot have him around if he persists in this."

The next time Boerkman visited Dolly was a week later. In his hand he clutched a twist of roses, quite expensive, that had cost him a good deal of money. The scene was also witnessed by the maid, who was not adverse to standing with her eye to a keyhole. Boerkman came into the room and stood clutching the flowers nervously, gazing about him. Then he shuffled over to where Dolly lay on the chaise-louche and laid the flowers at her feet.

**S**he looked up. "Yes?" she said. "You marry Mynebeer Wed?"

She shrugged. "I don't know, Walthau. What business is it of yours?"

He leaned forward. "I marry you, Miss Dolly. I marry you." He began to grow wild. "Well is a bad man. He won't care for you. I marry you. I take care of you." His ugly little body, enflamed with passion, twisted and writhed as he spoke. "I care for you all your life. I take care of you. You getting old, Miss Dolly. Time comes when you need a good man, a man who takes care of you, not run around with other ladies. I take care of you."

She cut him off. "Old? Old, Walthau? Don't say that, never say that to me, ever." Her voice rose to a scream. "Go. Get out." Then she lay back, spent. Walthau Boerkman had told her the truth, and the truth had wounded.

He turned to leave. Then they looked up and noticed that Hans Weil was standing in the doorway, his arms folded over his chest, a sardonic smile on his face.

The body of Blonde Dolly Niemann was found on her living room floor three days later. It was quite naked, and badly bruised, as previously described. In her mouth were the 34 ten-guilder notes, and beside it the broken broomstick which had been used to jam them down her throat. The maid who discovered the broken body was in a state of abject terror when the police came. She did not know who had done it. Nobody had been there, as far as she knew. She had been at the other end of the suite, she told police, and had heard nothing. Many men had keys to Dolly's apartment.

The maid's name was Gilda Stuvelman. Her testimony was obviously important, and police officials questioned her at length. "Who could have come in without anyone's knowing?" she was asked. "Anyone," she said. "Anyone."

"But you would have heard them coming up the stairs. Wouldn't you have checked?"

She nodded. "Usually. But this time I heard nothing."

"But somebody must have come—somebody who was familiar with the place." She burst into tears. "I don't know," she sobbed. "Only Boerkman—"

The evidence against Walthau Boerkman, the unfortunate guilder, was only circumstantial. His fingerprints were all

over the apartment, but since he had often visited, that was meaningless. They were, furthermore, all over the broomstick which had been used to push the money into the dead woman's mouth. But that too was meaningless. Testimony by various tradesmen and other attendants in the luxury apartment building showed that the broom belonged to Boerkman, and was used by him almost daily.

But even this was not a totally damning fact. The broom was kept in a small closet in the main hall of the building. Anyone could have taken it. As the defense attorney pointed out, Boerkman, although illiterate, was not stupid enough to use his own broom as a murder weapon.

The prosecution's case, in the end, rested on two things: motive and opportunity. As for the first, the maid readily testified that Boerkman had wanted to marry Dolly Niemann. Boerkman admitted this himself. "I want to marry her. I loved her. She would not have me. She was wrong. She was getting old. Five years, she have nobody to look after her. I wait; I wait until then. Then she need me."

His motive, then, as the prosecution suggested, was that thwarted by the likely marriage of Dolly to Hans Weil, Boerkman had flown into a rage and killed her in this macabre fashion. As for opportunity, that was obvious. Boerkman could come and go throughout the place, he could sneak in through the back halls and the back entries. It was a good case; but it did not hold. The jury could not decide, and Boerkman was set free.

**T**HREE months after the body of Dolly Niemann was lowered into its grave, even in death handsomer than most women are alive, the maid Gilda Stuvelman applied for, and received, an entry permit to the United States. She reached New York unnoticed, and she would have remained so if she hadn't failed to file the annual notice of residence all aliens in the country are required to submit to the government. She was picked up. It became obvious that she had a good deal of money—enough to support a five-room apartment on New York's fashionable and extremely expensive Central Park South. New York police are always a little inquisitive about unearned incomes, and in this case it was obvious that Gilda Stuvelman had no visible means of support. Wives were exchanged with Amsterdam. Curiosity was aroused there, and Gilda Stuvelman was returned home, where she sobbed out her story. It was an odd one indeed.

The day after Dolly had turned down Boerkman's offer of marriage, Hans Weil came to see her. "Marry me now," he said.

She lay on the sofa looking flat and listless. Something had gone out of her, and she was quiet; drunk. The woman, Stuvelman says, had been drinking brandy since right after breakfast. She simply looked at Weil. "I'm marrying Boerkman," she said daily.

Weil was incredulous. "But why?"

She shrugged. "Boerkman knows something about me. He said he would go to the police. He insists that he loves me, that he has to do this to save me from

evil men. What can be done about him?"

The "something" Boerkman knew about Dolly Niemann was the case of the unhappy Van Hoven.

He had followed them into the woods and had witnessed the whole incident.

Hans Weil's answer was simple: "Buy him off. Any amount. It doesn't matter."

And so, a day later Dolly summoned Walthau Boerkman to her apartment. "Walthau, I don't want to marry you," she said coldly. "I don't love you. How much money do you want to go away?" She opened her purse and pulled out a handful of bills. "As much as you want," she said dispassionately. She flung a handful of bills on the floor.

That was when the scorned, embittered, ugly little man lost control. The broom was out in the hall where he had been sweeping when Dolly called for him. With a wild shriek he ran to the door and snatched it up. Charging into the room he made a frantic swing at Dolly as she lay on the bed. In terror she leaped up, flinging aside the spread which covered her naked body. The falling broom missed, slammed against the back of the sofa and snapped off short. Dolly fled in anguish for the door. Boerkman dove, clutching her by the naked legs and flung her to the floor.

To this point, he probably had no intention of killing her. He simply was finally outraged, and he wanted to fling the money back at her. But her mouth was open to scream. Frightened, he shoved the money in to gag her, first one handful, and then a second. Still she made gurgling sounds. His fear intensified. Hardly knowing what he was doing he swooped up the guilder notes and began feverishly shoving them into her mouth. She squirmed in agony underneath him, trying to shout. Her muffled noises brought Boerkman to a panic. He swept up the broomstick and rammed the bills deeper into her throat.

During the struggle the maid Gilda Stuvelman started to call the police, and then thought better of it. She had no idea a murder was occurring, and she knew that Dolly would prefer not to have a police investigation. She called Weil. Weil arrived shortly thereafter. He examined the body, drank a glass of brandy, and then spent five minutes with the maid arranging the story. She was to admit nothing. Weil had no intention of having Boerkman forced to confess anything. He did not want any publicity himself. The whole thing was to be quieted down, in return for perjuring herself, Gilda Stuvelman would be supported for the rest of her life—in America.

**A**ND there it ended. The true story came out at last. Boerkman was never tried, but incarcerated in a mental institution. Weil served six months in jail for suborning a witness, and the woman got six months for perjury.

Dolly Niemann, of course, got a fine headline. She would have been proud of it, for it stood above her, a perpetual monument to her body.

And the girls at the wayward home got \$200,000. What sort of a lesson it taught them is hard to imagine. • • •

**Then, oddly, a marriage offer started her career toward its terrible end.**



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